

P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

Dedicated with Permission,

TO

Her Grace, the Duchess

OF

DEVONSHIRE.

By W. U P T O N.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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TO

TO

Her Grace, the Duchess

DEVONSHIRE

BY W. U. P. Q. N.

THE SECOND EDITION

LONDON

PRINTED FOR JOHN STRAIDMAN, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

M DCCC XCV

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TO HER GRACE
The DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

My Lady Duchess,

IN dedicating the following pages to your GRACE, the author feels a concern for the distinguished honor granted by the permission, and the extreme insignificance of the cause.—One consolation indeed, he cannot but enjoy, and which he is proud to acknowledge—that of laying before your GRACE a collection of POEMS, that have met with a favourable reception from the public.

Such a sanction is devoutly to be wished for by all, and once attained, like Hector when inspired with celestial ardor, by Apollo, impels the high favoured muse
to

DEDICATION.

to soar with unlimited expansion, and
commit to your GRACE's indulgence, the
offspring of the humblest of her votaries.

IN dedicating the following

I have the honor to remain,

with the greatest respect,

your GRACE's most obedient

and devoted humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the course of the following sheets, the reader will observe that many of the poems have already appeared in public through the medium of the diurnal prints. Those to which an asterisk is prefixed, were written under the signature of LOUISA, a mask that introduced the first offspring of his muse to the world; and the favourable reception the hypocrite met with, occasioned the spurious progeny very rapidly to encrease.

Among many admirers were two gentlemen whose poetical favours are inserted in this work; the one a solicitor on the part of the object of his choice, and the other, a humble adorer of

the *lovely* and *accomplished* Louisa. That *fiction* is a grand trait in the fancy of poets, was never more verified than in the gentleman's in question rhapsodical strains most fervently breathed at the altar of *Love*.

With a few additional pieces never before in print, this volume is presented to the world; and whatever may be its reception, it will not prove a disappointment to the author: and with regard to those gentlemen who come under the denomination of Reviewers, he has little to fear; well knowing as its merits or demerits may appear, their favour or severity will be extended accordingly.

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ERRATA.

E. R. A. T. A.

Line 1. The first line of the text is a heading or title, possibly indicating the subject or purpose of the document. It is followed by several lines of text, which appear to be a list or a series of entries. The text is somewhat faded and difficult to read, but it seems to contain information about various items or events. The entries are separated by lines, and some may be numbered or dated. The overall structure suggests a formal record or a detailed account of a specific topic.

E R R A T A.

Page 12, Line 3, for that *ere*, read *e'er* adorn'd

Page 25, Line 7, Now *tott'ring* fancy, read Now *tor'ring* fancy.

Page 36, Line 16, for whom virtue *fed*, read virtue *led*.

Page 38, Line 8, for love's enchantment *taught*, read love's enchantment *caught*.

Page 41, Line 1, *ere* for him, read *e'er* for him.

Page 44, Line 12, for *treasures*, read *treasure*.

Page 83, Line 11, for *curse*, read *cause*.

Page 84, Line 4, for *the* loves, read *where* loves.

Page 129, Line 7, *To* sweet Maria, read *So* sweet Maria.

Page 136, Line 8, Can *ere* erase, read Can *e'er* erase.

Page 150, an asterisk should be affixed.

Page 152, Line 7, for *beauteous seen*, read *beauteous e'en*. Line 16, *Oh! put me*, read *Come, put me*. And in line 17, for *Come, there's* taming, read *Oh! there's* taming.

Page 156, an asterisk should be affixed.

Page 172, Line 2, for *ere* can know, read *e'er* can know

Page 194, Line 2, for *ere* been, read *e'er*.

Page 207, Line 9, for *Owhybee*, read *Owhybee*.

Page 227, Line 15, for *thy* ashes, read *the* ashes.

Page 238, Line 2, read, In gentle murm'ring *streams* along.

Page 243, Line 16, for *battles*, read *battle*.

Page 246, Line 10, for *thy* charms, read *her* charms.

Page 247, Line 13, for *thy* beloved, read *that* beloved.

A U R E L I A.

FAR in the coverts of a mazy wood,
 An ancient castle solitary stood;
 The noble host retir'd from worldly strife,
 Here pass'd serene the gliding years of life;
 Endow'd with means to quell affliction's power,
 And gild with joy the mourner's hapless hour,
 No higher thoughts the aged lord carest'd,
 But these to aid the wretched and distress'd :
 Happy to shed the sweets of affluence round,
 The trav'ller here a welcome refuge found;

B

E'en

E'en the poor lab'rer found a glad retreat,
 From winter's cold, or summer's scorching heat ;
 Open to all, the owner's stately dome
 To all alike gave hospitable room :
 No mean distinction dar'd his roof invade,
 Where pride abash'd stood trembling and dismay'd ;
 Here smiling Plenty, innocently great,
 In person deign'd on ev'ry guest to wait ;
 Pleas'd if her careful and prolific horn
 Could serve the healthful ploughman of the morn ;
 And equal pleas'd, if Bounty could bestow,
 A gleam of comfort to the pris'ner's woe :
 Here, too, Munificence, in homely pride,
 With young Contentment, deigned to reside ;
 And here Compassion, and kind Pity too,
 O'er Mis'ry shed their sympathetic dew ;
 And Mercy hov'ring, tender, meek-ey'd maid,
 On cherub wings to give the wretched aid.—
 Such was the Lord Alcanor's friendly seat,
 Fam'd for his virtues, in this lone retreat :

Here

Here sweet Religion fix'd her earthly cell,
 And Contemplation chose awhile to dwell;
 Nor these alone—Apollo's heav'nly fire,
 Harmonious Music touch'd the quiv'ring lyre;
 Touch'd too by fingers, so exquisite fraught,
 As charm'd the passions, and gave strength to thought.
 One only daughter grac'd Alcanor's name,
 The fair Aurelia, nymph of deathless fame:
 O Reynolds! master of unrival'd art,
 How would thy colours from the canvas start?
 Each vivid tint would sure be breathing seen,
 Could you have painted what Aurelia's been;
 Her graceful form, above the middle size,
 Appear'd angelic to the wond'ring eyes;
 Awhile each motion mov'd with winning grace,
 And stamp'd her Venus of an earthly race;
 Each breeze her hair in flowing grandeur hurl'd
 Around her neck—and there in ringlets curl'd:
 Awhile behind the jetty substance flow'd,
 On shape as form'd to bear the beauteous load:

And now if pen has magic power to trace,
 With truth the semblance of the loveliest face
 That ere adorn'd on earth, terrestrial maid,
 Attempt the task, and e'en her lips invade;
 —Reynolds, 'tis vain, unless my muse could fetch
 Thy magic skill—to give the faintest sketch!
 Her high-arch'd forehead, hill of purest snow,
 Luxuriant sported two bright stars below;
 Two stars whose orbs discharg'd such vivid rays,
 'Twas dang'rous, ah! incautiously to gaze;
 Each random glance conceal'd a poison'd dart,
 That wounded oft the unsuspecting heart;
 Nay more than wound—accompanied with breath,
 Each beam was fatal, and each arrow death:
 Now, Reynolds, o'er thy various colours seek,
 And match the bloom that crimson'd either cheek;
 The rose's blush blend with the lily's white,
 And add their fragrance as their hues unite;
 Then, if thou canst, the mystic odour give,
 Breathe o'er the charm, and bid the union live;

Now

Now paint her lips, that bore vermillion's hue,
 And breath that issued odorous dew;
 Arrang'd in rows the ivory teeth display;
 And ah, her bosom, whiter far than they;
 Draw with your choicest and peculiar care,
 And paint the outward as the inward fair!
 Beyond the bosom, ah! forbear to go,
 Nor tell what only Hymen's self should know:
 This done—the artist may with nature vie,
 Fail—and the poor comparison must die.
 Yet, Muse, is left a cabinet behind,
 Unlock it—shew the treasures of her mind;
 Trifler, thou canst not! 'tis beyond thy art,
 One single gem so precious to impart;
 Forbear the task, impossible to tell,
 Whether her mind or person most excell;
 Let Fame's fair page this ample truth enroll,
 One fount of beauty form'd the charming whole.
 —Such was Aurelia, once in youthful bloom,
 Ere Love condemn'd her to an early tomb;

Ill-fated fair! and ah, ill-fated day!
 That led thy father, and thyself astray.
 When good Alcanor bore in fleetest pace,
 His beauteous daughter to the early chace,
 Forgetting age, that silver'd o'er his head,
 Like Asteon thro' the trackless forest sped;
 While like Diana was Aurelia seen,
 A fleeting goddess, Health's imperial queen;
 A few chose friends, the little groupe combin'd,
 Whose swifter courfers left the pair behind;
 Ah! luckless left—for soon Alcanor's cries,
 Rent the thin air with wretched groans and sighs;
 His mett'd steed, unus'd to weak command,
 With strength uncurb'd flew o'er the boundless land;
 In vain by cries the fair Aurelia strove
 To bring relief—his steed impetuous drove
 O'er ev'ry fence, till chance a mountain's bound
 Oblig'd him dash his burthen to the ground;
 A rustic swain beheld his hapless lot,
 And flew like lightning to the fatal spot;

With

With kind concern the gen'rous peasant bore
 His breathless charge unto his friendly door;
 All that his cot, his humble cot supply'd,
 " Bring, bring, in haste !" the poor Eugenio cry'd ;
 Nor scoff ye rich, if all his worth produc'd
 A napkin, which with tenderness he us'd,
 And stopp'd the blood which ran from many a pore,
 And bath'd his face besmear'd with clotted gore ;
 A chrystal spring its cooling help apply'd,
 Which oft with blood the friendly napkin dy'd :
 This done, the youth with expectation dread,
 His lordly guest bore to his humble bed,
 And watch'd each motion with extreme concern,
 Anxious to view some dawn of life return ;
 Nor watch'd in vain ; for soon his friendly care
 Bade hope take place of anguish and despair ;
 He saw with joy, which ev'ry look express'd,
 The rays of life re-animate his guest ;
 He saw those eyes he fear'd for ever clos'd,
 Their op'ning glances on his own repos'd,

And heard a voice in broken accents cry,
 " Tell me, Aurelia, tell me where am I?
 'Tis not my child," the anxious father said;
 " 'Tis not," the youth reply'd, and bow'd his head:
 " A humble shepherd owns this rustic place,
 Which you, great Sir, have pleas'd vouchsaf'd to grace."
 Returning sense confirm'd the simple truth;
 And stedfast gazing on the blooming youth,
 With trem'lous voice and wild disorder'd air,
 Cry'd, " Where's Aurelia! instant tell me where!
 Ah! what you cannot!—Oh, kind stranger fly,
 Save, save my child, or see Alcanor die!"
 He could no more—nor did Eugenio need
 His farther counsel to enforce his speed:
 Buoy'd up by Hope on Fancy's tow'ring wings,
 O'er many a wide expanse the shepherd springs;
 Undaunted flies, nor heeds each trifling pain,
 Search'd ev'ry creek—but ev'ry creek in vain;
 Fatigu'd and breathless home Eugenio turn'd,
 With mind that ev'ry puny terror spurn'd;

Deceiv'd

Deceiv'd by Hope—too cred'lous to belief,
 He paus'd awhile to give a vent to grief;
 But soon disdaining the unmanly act,
 Inventive Genius bade him ne'er retract;
 While Hope encourag'd, as his spirits rose,
 And urg'd him spurn supine imagin'd woes;
 Again pursue, the hapless wand'ring fair,
 Preserve a daughter, soothe a father's care:
 "Extatic thought!" with folded hands he cry'd,
 "Extatic thought!" back echo 'gain reply'd:
 Fleet as the fawn that bounds o'er countless hills,
 Swift as the roach that scuds the wat'ry rills,
 Eugenio ran o'er many a dreary plain,
 In hopes the lovely wand'rer to regain:
 Phœbus had now his usual circle run,
 And twilight near obscur'd the setting sun;
 When chance, the youth unknowing where to stray,
 Desponding, bent his solitary way
 Unto a plain, but neat domestic cot,
 Where Health seem'd proud to fix her earthly grot:

Three blooming boys approach'd with eager pace,
 Enquiry beaming in each ruddy face ;
 Each beg'd to know who 'twas the stranger fought,
 And what the wearied trav'ller hither brought ;
 In vain he bade their prating tongues desist,
 And each sweet babe involuntary kiss'd ;
 Each breast, some struggling secret seem'd to hold,
 Which each seem'd anxious who the stranger told ;
 She's here ! cries one ; she's here ! another said—
 But mother fears the stranger lady's dead :
 " Dead ! who ! what lady ? dearest praters say ?
 " Conduct me to her, lead, ah ! lead the way ;
 " Perhaps 'tis she," the hopeful shepherd cry'd,
 And instantaneous to the cottage hied ;
 Alas ! 'twas true, he found the wish'd-for fair,
 In all the terrors of extreme despair ;
 Her father's danger long Aurelia view'd,
 And fain to save him, long his course pursu'd ;
 'Till borne by swiftness from her viewless flight,
 The maid was left a stranger to his flight :

Immediate

Immediate phrenzy seiz'd her trembling frame,
 And fault'ring speech pronounc'd Alcanor's name;
 But ah! no father heard a daughter's call,
 Beheld her frantic, saw her helpless fall;
 Or could he heard her cries, beheld her tears,
 Saw her o'erwhelm'd by agonizing fears:
 How would the sight have harrow'd up his soul,
 And tears of anguish, ah! been seen to roll;
 When wild distraction found resistance vain,
 And e'en his tears but added to her pain:
 Oh! 'twould have pierc'd his palpitating breast,
 And chance consign'd him to eternal rest;
 Had Heav'n not bore him by impetuous flight,
 In pity bore him from Aurelia's sight;
 Nor Heav'n, sweet maid, thy helpless state forlook,
 But ev'ry care of its lov'd object took;
 Girded thee round with its almighty zone,
 And stood the guardian of thy fate alone.
 When the proud courser from his mistress fled,
 And plung'd her headlong to the ground as dead;

Then

Then 'twas you felt the mighty pow'rful arm,
 Protect thee, fair one, from insulting harm ;
 And as each pulse beat in convulsive strife,
 Felt pow'r celestial draw thee back to life.
 But, ah ! what terror seiz'd the wand'ring maid,
 When potent Reason brought Reflection's aid ;
 Her brilliant eyes were wildly glanc'd around,
 To find a father, but no father found ;
 Grief, desperation rush'd upon her brain,
 And drove her frantic o'er the winding plain :
 Now this, now that way seem'd a likely road,
 Now pointed thorn her tender feet wou'd goad ;
 But, ah ! what thorn could give so keen a smart
 As that deep fest'ring in her wounded heart !
 To save a life she did to all prefer,
 Was far more dear than all the world to her ;
 Hope, hope alone, the fond idea begot,
 And bore the virgin to the peasant's cot,
 Where poor Eugenio first Aurelia saw,
 With equal hope, timidity and awe ;

The

The humble thatch to ev'ry trav'ler prone,
 Allur'd the maid to make her piteous moan;
 A beam of joy, too, glanc'd upon her mind,
 Her father here might chance a refuge find;
 O with what haste, she sought the rustic's aid,
 And with what fear, the dread enquiry made;
 Ere words had force her eyes around would seek,
 And ev'ry gesture seem'd awhile to speak :
 But, ah ! when truth first ventur'd to declare,
 Her fire, the Lord Alcanor was not there ;
 What speechless horror ev'ry look portray'd,
 What nameless anguish ev'ry passion sway'd !
 Too much for mortal being to sustain,
 The lovely victim sunk beneath the pain :
 With ev'ry care that kindness could suggest,
 The cottage owners sooth'd their hapless guest :
 The tender husband, nor less tender wife,
 In union strove to bring her back to life ;
 Their children banish'd, lest their infant noise,
 Should chance retard their new expected joys ;

Joys—

Joys—that not dire penury could divest,
 Of hopes to cheer the beauteous fair distress'd;
 Nor were their hopes of durance long or vain,
 They saw her cheeks assume the rose again;
 Her eyes anew, with wonted lustre shone,
 And every grace peculiarly her own:
 But still each look, each wild terrific start,
 Proclaim'd a something lab'ring at her heart:
 Such was her state—when first the youth appear'd,
 And from the ground the fair Aurelia rear'd:
 And, ah! what joys convuls'd his vital frame,
 When first her lips, pronounc'd Alcanor's name:
 "It must be she," the glad Eugenio cry'd,
 "The fair Aurelia!"—"Tis;" the maid reply'd.
 "Ah! stranger say, how came you such to know,
 "Speak quick, and calm each agonizing throe;
 "Say, doth Alcanor, doth my father live?
 "And heav'nly comfort, to my bosom give."
 "He doth," the youth reply'd with modest grace,
 "He doth, and lives to see Aurelia's face:

"I thank

" I thank thee, Heaven," she said, but could no more,
 Excessive joy e'en utterance forbore ;
 Joy far more worse than e'en immoderate grief,
 Had tears not giv'n the sufferer relief ;
 But these subsiding, hope began to dawn,
 And spread new beauties, 'fore the late forlorn :
 Ten thousand times she thank'd the gen'rous youth,
 Yet often doubted what she heard was truth ;
 Then blam'd her doubts, when once his faithful tongue,
 Had told the tale, her filial bosom wrung ;
 Oft would a tear start from her glist'ning eye,
 When chance she heard the youth unknowing sigh ;
 For oft he'd sigh, the while a conscious blush
 Betray'd a fear he'd done, or said too much.
 His story o'er—he humbly beg'd to guide
 Aurelia, where Alcanor did reside :
 Yet beg'd, as night had near her curtain drawn,
 She'd wait the meeting till the coming morn ;
 While he, on wings of joy, her father sought,
 To lull his fears—and soothe each troubl'd thought.

" Talk

"Talk not of Night," she cry'd, "her fable charms

"Shall bear me safely to Alcanor's arms ;

"Yes, to thy aid I'll owe, dear fable Night,

"All that can give my honour'd lord delight,

"A father's blessing, and a daughter's pray'r,

"Shall both be offered for thy signal care.

"Stranger, lead on—kind friends, forgive my speed,

"To save a father bids me thus proceed."—

She ceas'd—nor could their care her flight restrain,

Reproof was fruitless, and resistance vain.

Quick from the cot the maid impet'ous burst,

And gave herself to Night a beauteous trust ;—

But ah, what sounds on sudden reach her ear—

"O Heav'ns!" she cry'd, "my father's voice I hear ;

"I know it well—'tis his!—melodious sound!—

"Lye still my heart, and give thy joy a bound."

Loud and more clear the well-known accents drew,

And soon his form proclaim'd the presage true.

"'Tis he," she said, "and see he hither bends,

"Encircl'd round by hosts of joyous friends.

" Oh

“ Oh, let me meet him, fly into his arms,

“ And dear oblivion bury past alarms.”

C A N T O II.

EUGENIO's absence long Alcanor mourn'd,

And oft lamented why he not returned :

Imagination cloak'd in scorpion's sting,

With direful bodings did his bosom wring ;

The howling wind seem'd fraught with odious breath,

And ev'ry blast breath'd doleful sounds of death :

Now tott'ring fancy drew in colours wild,

Eugenio weeping o'er his lifeless child ;

And now while brooding o'er her faded charms,

She seem'd to live, and springing to his arms.

Such were the thoughts his mind alternate sway'd,
 Corroding thoughts, that on his vitals prey'd;
 When chance, his friends found out his mean abode,
 Which each to find, the tedious day had rode;
 Each friend sincere, with mutual ardour strove,
 Who most could show their deeds of genial love;
 But, ah! no tongue the pleasing news could tell
 Aurelia liv'd—or where she chanc'd to dwell.
 ' Bear me, ah! bear me quick, Alcanor cry'd,
 O'er hills and mountains, dales and forests wide;
 Methinks some impulse fires my boding heart,
 And with new vigour arms me to depart:
 Come, friends, grey twilight chides our slothful stay,
 And e'en Cynthia waits to guide the way:
 A child's dear safety leads a father on,
 Impells his haste, and calls him to be gone."—
 He ceas'd, and mindless of each latent pain,
 Bestrode with speed a friendly steed again;
 Then o'er the vast domain immediate flew,
 Unmindful who his courser dar'd pursue.

Aurelia's

Aurelia's name the distant vallies rend,
 Aurelia! echo'd each attendant friend;
 Each breeze in chorus wafted far the sound,
 And birds in concert sung the theme around;
 E'en plaintive Philomel was heard to quote,
 And call Aurelia in her loudest note.

Last Fortune's self forgot her usual ire,
 And took compassion on the aged fire;
 His devious course the fickle goddess turn'd,
 And led him where his duteous daughter mourn'd.
 Afar the chief beheld the pleasing view,
 But fearful, doubted what he saw was true;
 'Till joyful proof his groundless fears suppress'd,
 And lock'd a daughter to a father's breast.—

" Oh! my lov'd child," paternal fondness cry'd,

" Oh! my dear Lord," the lovely girl reply'd:—

" And are we met? and are our suff'rings o'er?

" And shall we part, my honour'd sire, no more!"

" Never!" he said, " sole treasure of my heart,

" In such a manner will we ever part.

" Rash, rash, old man, that could with folly roam,
 " When wisdom call'd thy feeble age at home!"—
 " Forbear, my father—oh! these tears forbear,
 " And let me lead thee from this chilling air;
 " Yon humble roof's already sheltered me,
 " And waits a kind asylum now for thee."—
 " Lead on!" he cried, "my dear Aurelia lead,
 " While these kind friends to fetch our coach precede;
 " 'Till they return, it's hospitable fane
 " Must fain receive my darling child again:—
 " But O! methinks, a secret yet I'd know——
 " 'Tis where Aurelia came from thence to go:"
 " See," said the maid, with never erring truth,
 " My guardian in this rustic stranger youth—
 " Sent to, he said, to find thy child by you;
 " O Sir! reward him if the same be true."—
 " It is!" he cry'd, with ev'ry sense at strife,
 " The kind preserver of Alcanor's life.
 " Oh! my Aurelia, if you did but know
 " What to the poor but gen'rous youth I owe,

"Thy

" Thy prayers would join in unison with mine,
 " A humble tribute due to friendship's shrine."
 " And shall," she cry'd, " spontaneously be giv'n,
 " And cherubs waft them to the highest heav'n."—
 " Come," said Alcanor, " stranger still attend,
 " My kind protector, and my noblest friend;
 " The night's dark shade forbid thy feet to roam,
 " Come, let my roof be, youth, thy welcome home;
 " At least a guest within my mansion stay,
 " 'Till morn appears to guide thee on thy way."—
 " Sir," said Eugenio, " what this day I've done,
 " Thy thanks are due to Heav'n—to me, Sir, none.
 " Were I by fortune born of your degree,
 " And such events were to befall to me,
 " Your gentle nature would extend to save,
 " A helpless mortal from a timeless grave.
 " What then have I than duty bade done more?
 " Which your approval pays me o'er and o'er.
 " Forgive," he said, " if, Sir, we here then part,
 " An aged father clings around my heart;—

" On me," he cry'd, " doth ev'ry hope depend—

" His sole reliance, and his only friend :

" Oh, Sir, my absence would enhance his grief,

" And nought but presence can afford relief."—

He paus'd, as fearful he had said too much,

The while Aurelia, with an artless blush,

Cry'd, " Oh! my dearest father, let him go

" And ease a parent's much afflicted woe."—

" He shall ;—my child, he shall ;" her lord reply'd,

" And I in future will for both provide,

" Go, youth," he said, " and make thy father blest,

" Hush ev'ry care, and soothe his grief to rest ;

" Tell him the noble deeds thy worth has done,

" And make him happy in his glorious son :

" And soon as morrow opes it's early dawn,

" Be thou the welcome herald of the morn !

" Wake me from sleep, if slumbers close my eyes ;

" Wake me to view thee with renew'd surprize."—

He ceas'd—Eugenio bow'd, and homeward flew,

With such emotions erst he never knew ;

The

The pleasing hope, his father's feeble age
 Might find a refuge from stern Winter's rage,
 Had sunk so deep within his filial breast,
 That nought the fond intruder could divest;
 Nor this idea alone possess'd his mind,
 A softer passion yet remain'd behind;
 The fair Aurelia form'd with ev'ry grace,
 Appear'd a being of celestial race;
 So fair she seem'd to what he'd seen before,
 He priz'd her much—but priz'd her virtues more.—
 Such were his thoughts, when next to frantic joy,
 The ancient peasant saw his long lost boy;
 With tend'rest love he clasp'd his aged fire,
 And told the tale his eyes seem'd to enquire;
 With heart-felt joy the day's adventures told,
 Nor the least truth did from his ears with-hold,
 This done, again the good old man caress'd,
 And both in transports stole to nature's rest.

C A N T O III.

MEANTIME Alcanor, with his suite, arriv'd
 At home in safety, tho' of health depriv'd:
 The day's fatigue had much distress'd the sage,
 Unus'd with such rencounters to engage.
 Scarce had he reach'd the wish'd-for home again,
 A pallid shiv'ring ran thro' ev'ry vein;
 Disease had o'er his frame possession took,
 And burning fever thro' his system shook,
 Aurelia saw her father's dire disease,
 And strong convulsions ev'ry feature seize;
 Scarce less convuls'd the maid in fondness press'd
 Her valu'd father to her panting breast,

Then

Then gently led him tott'ring to his bed,
 And issu'd thousand blessings on his head ;
 Herself retir'd, to find in vain repose,
 No sleep oblivious calm'd the virgin's woes ;
 A father's illness claim'd her only care,
 For him she offer'd up incessant pray'r ;
 Save chance a thought would o'er her mem'ry steal,
 And strange sensations to her breast reveal :
 The past adventures of the recent day,
 Within her bosom bore a potent sway ;
 The gentle stranger, tho' of humble birth,
 Appear'd a being of imperial worth ;
 His graceful mien, and unaffected sense,
 Each timid look that fear'd to give offence,
 And kind compassion to her father shown,
 When death had nearly mark'd him as his own ;
 And last, herself a certain witness bore,
 To virtues which she almost could adore :
 Such were the traits that plac'd the youth above
 The fetter'd trammels of a vulgar love.

Could

Could she despise him 'cause in abject state?
 No;—in her mind his abjectness was great.
 The world's proud scorn the lofty maid defy'd,
 And could the pride of pomp and pow'r deride.
 Slander could ne'er her strict resolves controul,
 Or shake the steady purpose of her soul.
 Clear and unspotted as her virgin fame,
 Aurelia's actions knew no fear of shame.
 On one grand axle did each motive move,
 Which all admir'd, and none e'er dar'd reprove.
 Abforb'd in thought the sleepless damsel lay,
 When Sol's bright rays proclaim'd th' approach of day;
 In trembling haste Aurelia joyless rose,
 And fought the cause that rob'd her of repose;
 And Heav'n, in pity to the filial fair,
 Had of Alcanor took peculiar care.
 She heard with joy her lord had soundly slept,
 While she, sad maid, was of it's pow'r bereft.
 His hand she press'd with tend'rest look sincere,
 And shed in joy the sweet and duteous tear:

And

And fearful lest the fever should prove worse,
 Resolv'd to be herself his only nurse.
 She fear'd if others could Alcanor save,
 Unless she saw, and ev'ry medicine gave.
 Each day Eugenio came, a welcome guest!
 Lov'd by Alcanor of his friends the best:
 Whole days the youth would in his presence stay,
 Attend his call, and chat the hours away:
 Enchanting hours! that would unnumber'd glide,
 When love sat smiling by sweet friendship's side.
 In admiration oft Eugenio hung,
 To catch the accents from Aurelia's tongue.
 With equal wonder she the swain admir'd,
 Smil'd when he smil'd, and sigh'd when he retir'd.
 Thus, for a time, the transient minutes flew,
 'Till both enraptur'd of each other grew.
 Each saw with joy Alcanor's health return—
 Each felt a flame they fondly wish'd to burn;
 Yet would Aurelia often sigh alone,
 Conscious her heart was only half her own.

Eugenio's

Eugenio's absence gave her poignant grief—
 Eugenio's presence instant gave relief;
 Should chance Aurelia on some visit go,
 Eugenio's heart was plung'd in deepest woe;
 Exquisite torture did his breast endure,
 'Till she return'd to work the wond'rous cure.
 Not unconcern'd Alcanor saw the same,
 But knew each breast possess'd a mutual flame.
 The kind old lord esteem'd Eugenio's worth
 Too much, to scorn him 'cause of humble birth.
 Five tedious years he'd lost his faithful wife,
 Once dear companion in this stage of life;
 Prolonged age for him had lost it's charms,
 When dy'd the much lov'd partner of his arms;
 'Twas now his wish, to see Aurelia wed
 Some youth, that honour, and whom virtue fed;
 His ample wealth could well for both provide,
 If Fortune's gifts to either were deny'd.
 Confirm'd in this, he tax'd the maid one eve,
 Why oft of late he'd seen Aurelia grieve?

Did

Did aught concern her which he should not know?

Or did Alcanor cause Aurelia's woe?

In vain the virgin could such love withstand,

But veil'd her blushes with a father's hand.

He saw her fears, nor would augment her pain,

But thus continued in pathetic strain——

“ Weep not, my child, nor hide my darling face,

“ A father's love shall every sorrow chase.

“ Say, where's Eugenio?—nay, forbear to start,

“ I know Eugenio doth possess thy heart;

“ Nor think, my daughter, that I mean to chide,

“ If he's thy choice, by that will I abide.”——

Oppress'd by kindness rose the blushing fair,

And thus her passion ventur'd to declare——

“ When first my father gave Eugenio leave

“ To visit here, and did his fire relieve,

“ Aurelia saw the gentle youth attend,

“ As came a daughter to a father's friend;

“ But, ah! my lord, when time his virtues prov'd,

“ My bosom told indiff'rence was remov'd.

“ In

" In vain to shun him has Aurelia strove,
 " Her heart was wounded, and it's wound was love,
 " And now my father, oh! forgive my speech,
 " And let thy counsel future conduct teach."—

In tend'rest love he clasp'd the charming girl,
 And gently strove each rising fear to quell.
 This done, Alcanor next Eugenio sought,
 And found the youth in love's enchantment taught;
 But, ah! what transports fill'd the peasant's heart,
 To hear Alcanor words like these impart—

" Think not, Eugenio, that I came to blame,
 " I know thy passion, and admire the same;
 " But, oh! the envy of a cens'rious world,
 " Will 'cause it's venom 'gainst thy breast be hurl'd;
 " Nor can thy virtues, which command respect,
 " Thy birth, Eugenio, from it's sneers protect;
 " But say sincerely, could my boy engage
 " To force the foe amidst the battle's rage?
 " Say, can thy country rouse thy soul to arms,
 " Renown thee soldier, and afford thee charms?

" Oh!

" Oh! if it can, what tongue shall dare exclaim,

" Against the champion of his country's fame!

" A soldier's honour shall his name enroll—

" To future ages, and each distant pole!

" Britain shall smile upon her valiant boy,

" And old Alcanor call him son with joy!"——

" Sir," said Eugenio, " Heav'n can only know,

" Oh! with what joy I'd meet my country's foe!

" My humble arm should do a soldier's deed!

" And ev'ry sinew to renown him bleed!

" O! would my king his lowly subject call,

" For him I'd conquer, or would bravely fall!"——

" Enough! enough!" the glad Alcanor cry'd,

" Who'll now my boy, my gallant boy deride!

" Yes! my Eugenio shall a soldier be,

" And his commission shall receive from me—

" Awhile abroad my valiant boy must go,

" 'Tis love commands, and fate ordains it so!

" But soon as war's proud tournaments shall cease,

" And Britain's flag is furl'd in robes of peace,

" Return

" Return Eugenio to thy native land,
 " Receive my blessing, and Aurelia's hand."
 He ceas'd—and soon the promis'd gift perform'd;
 But, ah! what fears Aurelia's bosom storm'd;
 She heard with grief she must Eugenio lose;
 She heard—but dar'd not once the same refuse.
 A father's kindness tore her love away,
 A world's vile slander here forbid his stay;
 But love's fond pleadings, with insidious art,
 Oppos'd his flight, and bade him not depart:
 On fancy's shield the many dangers drew,
 Which only war and its attendants knew;
 But instinct, virtue, 'gainst these barriers strove,
 Subdu'd her fears, and nobly conquer'd Love.
 She knew the kind intent her father sway'd,
 And was resolv'd his will should be obey'd.
 She lov'd her lord, nor would his purpose cross,
 Altho' Eugenio was the heavy loss—
 And Hope, fond flatt'rer, sooth'd the maid's alarms,
 And said, Eugenio yet might fill her arms.

That

That tender flame which ere for him should burn,
 Might be rewarded by his safe return.
 Deluding Hope! how sweet's thy magic pow'r,
 Till once arrives the sad ill-fated hour;
 When e'en thy visions can no longer please,
 Or give the mourner's breast a moment's ease,
 Then is thy name, thy empty name, despis'd,
 Too often courted, and too often priz'd!
 Allur'd by thee, the fond Aurelia strove
 'Gainst ev'ry woe to bear her mind above.
 Yes, dear deluder! for yet dear thou art,
 Thou kind phyfician of the human heart;
 Oh! but for thee no charms could life afford,
 Where ills on ills continually are stor'd;
 But thou, blest'd Hope, art sure the milky way,
 And thy kind mandates all most glad obey;
 Taught by thy counsel trouble to endure,
 Aurelia's bosom felt a transient cure;
 Ideal prospects real woe deceiv'd,
 And what was doubtful, yet she firm believ'd.

A few short weeks the faithful lovers pass'd
 In joys exquisite, far too sweet to last.
 The fleeting minutes in delirium flew,
 The fatal period near and nearer grew :
 Distracting thoughts at times each bosom tore,
 Forewarn'd the parting, chance to meet no more.
 In vain to check her tears Aurelia strove,
 The task was fruitless when the fount was love.
 Inspir'd by thee the youth one ev'ning cry'd,
 " And will Aurelia be Eugenio's bride ?
 Should battle spare him, dearest charmer say,
 Could you, my fair, for poor Eugenio stay ?
 Should Fortune proffer, ah ! some noble's hand,
 Can'st thou, dear maid, the tempting lure withstand ?
 Say, could thy heart the offer'd gift refuse,
 When at thy feet the titled tempter sues ?"—
 " Ask not," she said, " nor fancied woes bemoan,
 Eugenio know, my heart is thine alone :
 Then question not what would Aurelia do,
 But know, her vows are sacred-pledg'd to you."

" Forgive !"

"Forgive!" he cry'd, "forgive the dread request,
 My dear Aurelia, now each fear's at rest."
 Then grown thus bold, his lips approach'd her cheek,
 The while Love taught him how to act and speak,
 While she all blushing turn'd her head aside,
 And tho' she strove, her heart forbade to chide:
 Thus both in transports on each other hung,
 While eyes spoke language far too sweet for tongue,
 Enchanting passion either soul possess'd,
 And wrapt in bliss, each seem'd supremely blest;
 But cruel Fate next morn Eugenio bore
 To join his regiment on a foreign shore.
 The sudden mandate bade the foldier haste,
 Nor in fond trifling precious moments waste.
 The auspicious wind admitted no delay,
 His king commanded, and he must obey.
 O Heav'ns! that day, what were Aurelia's fears?
 Her sighs how many, and how flow'd her tears?
 Not e'en a father could her wailings check,
 Or tear the fond one from Eugenio's neck.

Excessive sorrow e'en the youth subdu'd,
 Who ev'ry act of simple childhood shew'd.
 His circling arms the yielding maid embrac'd,
 While down his cheeks the tears each other trac'd :
 His manly courage could in vain sustain
 Such aggravated, such o'erbearing pain.
 Superior pow'r at length the struggle broke,
 Which none could hinder, nor could none revoke.
 Almighty Providence the scene beheld,
 And soon the senses of the fair expell'd ;
 Then out of pity bore the youth away,
 Far from the scene where all his treasures lay :
 But, ah ! what phrenzy seiz'd the love-sick maid,
 As dawning sense the beck of life obey'd ;
 Her wishful eyes Eugenio seem'd to call,
 And seem'd to ask, where stays my love withal ?
 He will not leave me sure who loves so true,
 Without one tender, oh ! one last adieu.
 Mistaken fair, each mute domestic told,
 With tears of grief that down each visage roll'd,

Their

Their lov'd Eugenio, whom did all adore,
 Was chance for ever from Aurelia tore.
 In silent anguish long the virgin pin'd,
 To love a victim, and to fate resign'd;
 For, ah! not all the kind Alcanor's care
 Could cheer the spirits of the drooping fair.
 Too busy fancy oft the youth pourtray'd
 A bleeding victim to some ruffian's blade;
 And, ah! despair, with teeming mischief fraught,
 The fatal tidings to Aurelia brought;
 'Twas, that her love had fought his country's cause,
 And dy'd renown'd with glory and applause.
 Ah! sad renown unto Aurelia's ear,
 By that she'd lost the youth she held most dear.
 Poor suff'ring innocence, the fatal stroke
 The bleeding tendrils of her heart-strings broke;
 The fault'ring tongue that told Eugenio's death,
 Like foul contagion, seal'd Aurelia's breath;
 Sweet breath, that breath'd, in sympathetic lays,
 Harmonious numbers in Eugenio's praise.

O may his virtues like, dear maid, thy own,
 Be both accepted where they best are known ;
 Where angel hosts the starry regions rend
 In praising him who all mankind defend,
 May thy fond loves with him a welcome meet,
 Who views creation from his judgment's seat :
 And, ah ! when soul meets soul in bliss above,
 The great Omniscient will reward thy love ;
 In heav'nly bands two constant hearts entwine,
 And add the union to his sacred shrine.

ODE

ODE ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY,

FEBRUARY 9th, 1786.

HAIL, Britons, hail, the fair auspicious morn,
Proclaim afar, ye gentle zephyrs fly;
The day is come Britannia's queen was born,
Go chaunt her virtues round the etherial sky!

Descend, ye Nine! to earth your courses wing;
Apollo join, and bring the heav'nly lyre:
And you, the Graces, touch the trembling string,
'Tis Albion's queen your ardour shall inspire.

Ye bright celestials, grace our Charlotte's birth;
Blow shrill, ye cherubs! swell the trump of fame!
Haste, 'tis your sister hails you to the earth,
Cause ev'ry pole re-echo Charlotte's name.

Mercy, thou charmer, sweet endearing maid !
 Soft Pity, too, attend the fav'rite train ;
 For fame thy emblems glorious has display'd,
 In Charlotte's bosom both supremely reign,

Assembled, form around the royal pair ;
 Now Genius add to symphony new fire ;
 With songs of praise impregnate the air,
 Strike soft the harp—again—now strike it higher,

Ambrosia deck'd in odorif'rous sweets,
 Taint quick around, and ev'ry mist dispel ;
 With doubled ardour ev'ry bosom beats,
 To bless the queen where ev'ry virtue dwell,

Ye seraphs, catch the soft expiring sounds,
 Waft them along the bless'd Elysian grove !
 And while sweet music ev'ry murmur drowns,
 Receive those humble tributes of our love,

May each new year proclaim our Charlotte's worth,
And gentle peace attend her throne serene;
While distant nations celebrate her birth,
Each learn to emulate—a Brunswick's Queen.

D R A-

DRAMATIC ADVICE;

O R,

A RECEIPT FOR A NEW PLAY.

IF fame and ambition is sought by a play,
Let an author attend to the voice of the day ;
No matter if *Reason* forbids not to write,
Let *Fancy* design, and let *Folly* indite ;
Throw *Judgment* aside, and give *Scandal* the reins,
And as for proud *Virtue*, n'er trouble the brains :
Then now for the *fable*, if *any* there need,
To make up a delicate dramatic creed ;
Let *love* be the choice, when you build for success,
Be this the main prop where is laid the most stress.
Tho' my lady's advanc'd in th' tablet of age,
She retains the dear thought that she still can engage ;
And,

And, oh! the dear miss, you ne'er can offend her,
 Nor doubt that she'll blush at a *double entendre*;
 For a dear little bauble, the flutt'ring fan,
 Can hide a sweet face from the creature call'd man.
 Should her bosom betray a tender desire,
 The rebel can cool and allay the soft fire.
 Whether tragic or comic you dare to engage,
 Let the *hero* or *lady* be equal in rage;
 When *frantic* and *wild*, dash a *start* in between,
 And looks full of *phrenzy* will heighten the scene;
 This is certain to draw applause from above,
 For *gods* are e'en partial to *mortals* in love;
 Then bring them to sense by a mutual embrace,
 And a *pause*—with an *oh!*—goes off with a grace:
 Then seek th' *performers* where abilities shine,
 Whose powers can make almost *nothing* divine.
 For *figure* and *gait*, endeavour for *Palmer*,
 The *ladies* have long proclaim'd him a charmer.
 Next *Lewis*, or *Smith*, *Holman*, *Cambray*, or *Pope*,
 Can vary the passions, and give them their scope.

Have

Have *beauty*, be sure, to adorn all the belles—
 Chuse *Farren* at one house, at t'other have *Wells*;
 Then *Inchbald* and *Crouch*, or frolicksome *Martyr*,
 They each can ensure a star and a garter.
 With forces like these, dare the critics rebel?
 No!—beauty's sweet magic their darts can repel:
 When this is compleat, compound them together,
 And scrawl and address by the help of a feather;
 Direct all the *points* by invisible art,
 To usher a blush, or to flutter the heart.
 Matilda will *feign* that 'tis monstrous amiss,
 And wonder Lord Jemmy attempts not to hiss;
 My lord begs her pardon for being so mute,
 And seals up her lips by a tender salute:
 Again he attempts, when her eyes says he may,
 And in raptures they *clap* ev'ry *act* of the *play*.
 Last, with *orders* be sure the house is well cramm'd,
 And fifty to one that the piece is not *damn'd*.

LINES

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A REPORT OF THE

DEATH OF TIPPO SAIB,

S U L T A N.

DESPOTIC tyrant, cruel, insincere,
At heart a coward, desperate thro' fear;
Thy breast too callous mercy e'er to know,
Accus'd thee savage, nature's mortal foe;
E'en the poor Indians, victims of thy breath,
Wept for thy crimes, more horrible than death;
While hapless thousands wail thy fatal birth,
And curse the hour that gave thee to the earth.
But, ah! thy God offended saw thee fell,
And hurl'd thee miscreant to the realms of hell;—

Yet

Yet may'st thou find that mercy you deny'd—
 The injur'd Britons—when for mercy cry'd ;—
 May that great God thy sentence mitigate,
 Whose pow'r's unlimited—whose word is fate.

The

The Simplicity of the following affecting Tale may, perhaps, make Amends for the Lowness of the Subject ; and, at the same Time, not prove disagreeable to many who are real Christians in the Cause of Humanity.

THE FAITHFUL NEGRO:

AN ELEGIAC FRAGMENT.

AH me ! poor slave, hard is my cruel fate,
 Me with nò one in my unhappy state ;
 Tho' born to slav'ry, once me knew no care,
 Good massa liked me, and me serv'd him fair ;
 Me rose each morn, and work'd each day with glee,
 No Indian boy so happy then as me ;
 But, ah ! one day, new negroes massa bought,
 One pretty girl, not of the meaner sort,

Caught

Caught my poor heart with something me don't know;
 Pat, pat, it went, the while my cheeks did glow;
 Ah! what, me cried, can this here flutter mean,
 And often tried my inward pain to screen;
 For if I e'er beheld my Sadra's eyes,
 Me felt a something in my bosom rise;
 I forc'd it down, but, ah! it would not stay,
 For Mangar's peace was gone too far astray.
 At last, worn out with care, fatigue, and grief,
 From death alone I hop'd to find relief;
 When Sadra, faithful, soft, and tender maid,
 One morning came to bring poor Mangar aid:
 "Here Mangar, here, this cordial you must take,
 'Tis made by Sadra, drink it for her sake."
 With eager haste I snatch'd the precious bowl,
 And drank the balm of comfort to my soul.
 Then e'er I tank'd, she heav'd a gentle sigh,
 And in soft pity made this kind reply:
 "Tink not, young Mangar, me do you disdain,
 Nor tink me am a stranger to your pain;

No,

" No; me with grief have seen your health decay,

" And oft in secret for you me do pray.

" Believe me, Mangar, me do tell you truth,

" Me like you more than all the negro youth;

" Your gentle manners, and your pleasing air,

" In Sadra's bosom long have triumph'd there :

" More would I say, but Sadra fain would know,

" From Mangar's self, the cause of Mangar's woe."

She ceas'd to speak, then silent gaz'd around,

While from each eye her tears bedew'd the ground.

" Ask not," said Mangar, "ask not Sadra why,

" Ere Sadra grieve, O Sun ! let Mangar die.

" Forgive me, Sadra, me no more complain,

" Nor dare to give thy tender bosom pain;

" And yet forgive, if Mangar should impart

" To Sadra all the secrets of his heart :

" Know then, dear maid, in vain has Mangar strove

" To conquer Sadra, and to conquer love ;

" Oft have I wish'd to be a negro free,

" To fly with Sadra o'er the raging sea.

E

" Again,

" Again, how oft has Mangar dar'd to crave

" To be alone the gentle Sadra's slave ?

" And now doth Mangar only wish for life,

" To call his Sadra by the name of wife."

Thus said the slave, then languid hung his head,

Fatigu'd he sunk upon his mattock bed.

The tender Sadra mov'd, then made a stand,

Next to her lips convey'd his trembling hand—

" Live Mangar, live—and, oh ! may Sadra prove

Worthy herself, and worthy Mangar's love !"

The grateful Indian snatch'd her to his breast,

And in the man the lover stood confess'd.

Soon did the youth his wonted strength regain,

And join'd the dance with Sadra on the plain ;

For scarce two moons their usual course had run,

The gen'rous master join'd the two in one.

Two years had Mangar wed his faithful bride,

When Death he call'd, the good old master dy'd ;

The honest black his woolly hair did rend,

For with a master Mangar lost a friend ;

Bending

Bending his body o'er the mournful bier,
 Paid the last tribute of a grateful tear.
 A new successor now began to reign,
 And took possession of the Indian plain;
 But, ah! how far unlike the late old chief,
 The haughty tyrant fill'd each heart with grief;
 Pride and ambition now their entrance found,
 And desolation spread new terrors round;
 Half of the part of the poor negro crew,
 Were sold for pleasure, to give place to new.
 But, ah! my pen must now the tale unfold,
 The soft, the gentle Sadra she was sold.
 " Dear maffa, maffa!" cried the wretched slave,
 " O sell me, maffa, but my Sadra save!
 What's all the world to Mangar like these charms?"
 Then instant clasp'd her in his faithful arms.
 Her tender feelings could not stand the test,
 But swooning, sunk upon her Indian's breast;
 Th' astonish'd slave was struck with dread surprize,
 First view'd the girl, next rais'd to heav'n his eyes;

His quiv'ring lips attempted to express,
 In vain the anguish of his deep distress;
 " Great Sun ! assist my sorrows—help to quell"—
 He reel'd—he stagger'd—and together fell.
 With unconcern stood by the callous chief,
 And saw them lock'd in fell despair and grief;
 For instant calling to the savage crew,
 Gave the command to bear them from his view.
 " Take hence the girl, unto the ship convey ;
 But tell the negro I require his stay."
 Quick from his arms the senseless maid they tore,
 And dragg'd her straightway to the bleaky shore ;
 The ready ship receiv'd its victim host,
 Spread her broad sails, and left the Indian coast.
 Nature the slave his senses did restore,
 He gaz'd around, but Sadra was no more ;
 Then wildly starting search'd each crevice round,
 And frantic dash'd his body to the ground.
 " Ah Sun !" he cry'd, " me mind not whip or chain,
 To what me feel within my aching brain ;

And

And have they sent my Sadra then away ?
 And do they tink that Mangar here will stay ?
 No ;—come forth knife, thy kind assistance lend,
 And prove, for once, the negro's only friend.
 Me come, my Sadra !—world me bid adieu—
 Tho' massa's false, yet Mangar he is true."—
 Scarce had the negro these few words express'd,
 But plung'd the fatal steel into his breast :—
 " 'Tis done, my Sadra !—yes, the deed is o'er,
 Now, now, we'll meet—we'll meet to part no more !"
 The fainting negro, languid, smil'd and sigh'd,
 And naming Sadra—bow'd him down and died.

S O N N E T:

ADDRESSED TO

DR. LETTSOM.

SWEET Pope! how would thy ardent bosom glow,
Did'st thou remain to sing a Howard's praise!
How tender would thy plaintive numbers flow!
The glorious theme would elevate thy lays.

But Lettsom lives to see his statue rise,
Who sympathizing feels a Howard's flame,
And deems humanity the darling prize,
Which must to ages consecrate their fame.

Pathetic

Pathetic Lettſom ! many a liſping babe

Shall bleſs the man who kindly gave it life ;

Who ſnatch'd its mother from a * wat'ry grave,

And to a huſband gave a new-born wife.

If deeds like theſe may merit Chriſtian love,

Record them, angels, in the realms above.

* Dr. Lettſom was one of the firſt promoters of that benevolent inſtitution the Humane Society. To deſcribe the many amiable virtues of the Doctor, would require the pen of a *Milton*.

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON A REPORT OF

General ELLIOTT's leaving GIBRALTAR,
in MAY 1786.

COME Elliott, come, the trump resounds!
Receive your well-earn'd praise;
Whose name Britannia's foes confounds,
And deeds—the world amaze!

Superior to each pow'r combin'd,
Brave foldier, leave thy rock;
Waft, waft him home, propitious wind!
Whose soul no fears could shock.

Come,

Come, Elliott, come! Bellona sighs!

And waits to crown her son;

Come! valiant hero, Honour cries,

Thy glorious task is done!

Your bold achievements princes saw

With wonder—and admir'd!

Thy thunder struck their souls with awe,

And even foes inspir'd.

With you they dar'd—but dar'd in vain,

For victory they strove;

'Twas Elliott's task the prize to gain—

'Twas granted him above.

A SIGH.

A S I G H.

GO, sweet reliever, Julia cry'd,
To yonder myrtle grove;
And near the riv'let's mossy side,
Perhaps you'll find my love.

If hush'd in nature's gentle sleep
The blooming youth you find,
Attend, and watchful o'er him keep,
And shade him from the wind.

And should he heave a kindred sigh,
Expressive of his pain,
Then softly whisper this reply,
"That Julia loves again."

But

But should he name some other fair,

I charge you, instant fly ;

Tell him, I hope—and yet despair—

Tell him, for love I die.

LINES

L I N E S

O N

Mrs. WELLS' Performance of COWSLIP,

I N T H E

Musical Entertainment of the *Agreeable Surprise*.

W H E N Flora heard of Cowslip's fame,
The jealous goddess blush'd for shame:—
" Who dares," she cry'd, " vindictive own,
An earthly fair usurps my throne!"—
" Descend," said Pallas, with a smile,
" With me descend to Britain's isle,
Where joyous shall my sister see
The rustic nymph—Simplicity."

She

She came—the saw—and pleas'd, she cry'd,

“ Yes—*Wells* is Nature's rural pride.

No more I'll chide the lovely girl,

Who acts sweet innocence so well ;

But sign in heav'n the fix'd decree,

That Wells on earth shall reign for me.”

THE

T H E

SHEPHERD'S REQUEST.

AH! soft wanton zephyrs soft blow,
 On th' bank is Miranda reclin'd;
 Disturb not those hillocks of snow,
 Which alternate rise with the wind.

Distil from each fragrant flower,
 The sweets which your breath can impart;
 And Love, let her feel thy soft pow'r,
 But cautiously wound with thy dart.

Be certain you strike not too deep,
 Nor give her fair bosom a pain;
 And, ah! when awaken'd from sleep,
 For *pity* she'll love you again.

Then

Then Love, grant a shepherd's request,

The gods will approve the decree;

O make thy petitioner blest,

And transfer that *pity* to me.

OCCA-

OCCASIONAL VERSES

ON THE

Loss of the HALSEWELL EAST-INDIAMAN,

In the Month of JANUARY 1786.

OH Fate! where was thy mighty arm,
When beauty call'd thy aid?
Oh! Neptune! was thy potent charm,
Mysterious by thee laid?

Perhaps your eyes with savage joy
Saw Ocean swell around,
Bade waiting fyrens quick destroy,
And bring the *Halsewell* down.

Ah,

Ah, yes ! the fatal morn was dark,
 The misty snow thick fell;
 The gale encreas'd, her planks they start,
 Distraction round did yell.

She mounts, she mounts the ocean high,
 Ah ! down again she's roll'd ;
 Alas ! fix feet's the dreadful cry,
 Of water in the hold.

A pleasing sight deludes their eyes,
 Once more they view the land ;
 But, ah ! 'twas death in dark disguise,
 With fell despair at hand.

Each heart receives a transient beam
 To reach the fatal shore ;
 The only *anchor* meets the stream,
 And *Hope* can charm no more.

Now Ocean glut thy savage breast,
 Spread wide thy watery tomb;
 See death in various forms is drest,
 To cram thy rav'nous womb.

The father soothes his child's alarms,
 They cling around his waist,
 And, lock'd in his paternal arms,
 Receive his *last* embrace.

The gallant tars, unknown to shrink,
 Support the trembling fair;
 Tho' death stands gaping on the brink
 Sends up for them a pray'r.

The masts are gone—their cries are vain—
 They feel the dreadful shock;
 She sinks—she rises once again—
 She splits upon a rock!

Some

Some few now climb the rugged steep,
 Deep stain'd with human blood ;
 While some too feeble up to creep,
 Fell back, and met the flood.

" No help !" the veteran Pearce cry'd,
 The num'rous tongues said " None !"
 E'en Neptune's hoary self reply'd,
 " The mighty work's near done."

The deep extends its jaws awide,
 The tempest loud doth roar ;
 All help the merc'less winds deny'd,
 The *Halfewell* is no more !

Pay one sweet tear, ye lovely girls,
 That hear your sisters' fate :
 And while your bosoms pity swells,
 May safety round you wait.

Ye gen'rous Britons, you will shed
 A tear to Beauty's shrine;
 And long lament your brothers dead,
 For soft compassion's thine.

VERSES

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO THE

A U T H O R

OF THE

TRIUMPH OF BENEVOLENCE.

IF "music's charms can bend the knotted oak,"
And soothe to rapture e'en the savage soul;
Thy charm, Oppression—yes—thy charm is broke,
Down to thy hell—impetuous fiend roll.

For now Benevolence strikes th' heav'nly lyre,
And meek-ey'd Virtue re-ascends her throne;
While each soft bosom pants with fond desire,
To vent a flame congenial with thy own.

A flame inspir'd by, ah! no venal cause,
 But deeds that beam refulgent to the view;
 'Tis Nature dictates—man asserts her laws,
 Configned to many—but perform'd by few:

'Tis not thy name can grace the envy'd verse
 That manly pleads Compassion's cause sublime;
 Ages shall oft the glowing theme rehearse,
 And future poets imitate from thine.

ODE

O D E,

ADDRESS'D TO

A K E Y,

Sent by a GENTLEMAN at a LADY's Request, as an
Ornament for her Bosom.

Go, dull insensate, go and rest

Where no rude hand has vilely press'd;

Go tend, since Mira wills it so,

The charms whose pow'r you ne'er can know:

Be thou the jailor of those hills,

Which ev'ry balmy sweet distils.

Go, envied bauble, be care's'd

On Mira's fair angelic breast;

Go, guard the alabaster rock,
 Let no rude hands the folds unlock;
 Keep close from ev'ry prying eye
 The twins emotion, low or high;
 From ev'ry bleak and chilling gust,
 Secure from harm thy sacred trust;
 Nor e'en let wanton zephyrs blow,
 On living hills of mountain snow;
 But most I charge you (if you can)
 Protect them from the tyrant man.

But, ah! the caution cannot bind,
 You ne'er can bar the virgin's mind;
 That lock is form'd by Heav'n's decree,
 Never to ope to—earthly key;
 Too great to bear a vile controul,
 It beats in union with the soul;
 Try then if e'er thou hadst the art,
 To ope the tender Mira's heart;
 Yet use not force—but gently try
 To urge the fair one to comply;

For

For know, 'tis Mira's self must give
 The doom that bids me die—or live.
 Then haste reveal Love's gentle wishes,
 And give my fair a thousand kisses;
 And, ah! as sighs will sometimes steal,
 And speak what love wou'd fain conceal,
 Inspect her eyes—if they disclose
 From whence the dear intruders rose.
 But, trifler, hence—thou canst not see,
 Nor hear, *if* chance she sighs for me.
 Oh! could fond anticipation
 Form a pleasing transmigration,
 Thy shape how instant I'd possess,
 And taste those joys you can't express;
 Then would I, by attentive care,
 Deserve the love that plac'd me where—
 On earth—'tis paradise to rest,
 Entranc'd on Mira's snowy breast.

MATILDA.

M A T I L D A.

AH! poor Matilda, cou'd thy fate,

But reach the fickle fair,

Whom tranſient pomp and fortune wait,

Mere phantoms, light as air.

Perhaps a tear they'd willing pay

Of pity, ere they doom'd

Too harſh a ſentence on thy clay,

For ſweeter flow'r ne'er bloom'd,

The fame of fair Matilda's charms

The lofty dome has rung ;

And while they courted to their arms,

Thy praiſe has nobles ſung.

By flatt'ry lull'd, by peers carefs'd
How swift the minutes flew;
In various forms was pleasure drefs'd,
To wait a while on you.

But scarce those blooming charms enjoy'd,
Too soon Matilda won;
The banquet o'er, the rake is cloy'd,
Reflection charms has none.

Now cast aside a loathsome weed,
To walk the dreary street;
From whence the curse, one fatal deed,
Soon ev'ry other greet.

The dazzling jewels sav'd in pow'r,
For virtue's price—how small—
Serves but to suffice for an hour
To succour Nature's call.

The down forsakes her tender limbs,
Matilda's once lov'd guest;
The chilling blast her bright eyes dims,
The loves shone once confest.

The driven snows, the falling rains,
And winter's piercing winds,
Matilda feels, nor once complains,
For friends are fled, she finds.

Those friends whom once her gen'rous heart,
For choicest viands spreads;
Now bids the wand'ring wretch depart,
Nor grants one night a bed.

Expos'd to ev'ry ruffian's will,
To ev'ry brute's embrace,
Diseas'd, possess'd with ev'ry ill,
Was poor Matilda's case!

She

She fought to find the sad retreat
 An empty room cou'd give;
 Without a friend—Oh! hard to speak,
 To bid the mourner live.

A bed of straw Matilda found,
 Then laid her down and sigh'd;
 And while her tears bedew'd the ground,
 "My God!" she said, and died.

Too true's the tale the Muse has told,

Her name she must forbear;
 And while her fate's by all condol'd,
 Be warn'd by her, ye fair!

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS

ON THE

FIRST APPEARANCE

Miss DAVIES, at the *Haymarket Theatre*,

JULY 28th, 1786,

In the Character of Amelia, in the English Merchant.

Spoken by Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.

HAPPY the bard, the drama must confess,
Who first converted prologues to address;
And found the way to charm the critic fury,
By gentle supplication to the jury:
Thus when some *Richard* burns with tragic rage,
Or mad *Ophelia* pants to tread the stage;

Thanks

Thanks to the mode—and writers only know it,
 Their dulness is preceded by the poet;
 And crimson blushes, starts, and trembling fears,
 Are partly hush'd ere "Sir or ma'am" appears;
 But why o'er reason should our fears prevail,
 Where Mercy reigns, and Justice holds the scale?
 From this kind soil, made moist by Candour's dew,
 Your *Edwin* came, and caught his fame from you.
 Here—with each pow'r to fill the changeful scene,
 To court the Comic or the Tragic Queen—
 Here, on these boards, poor *Henderson* first rose,
 Yet felt the fear that genius had its foes;
 You saw the man, approv'd the actor's claim,
 And stamp'd the signature that grac'd his name.
 Here *natural Wells* and *Farren* own their birth,
 And drew from you the wreath that crowns their worth.
 To night a female ventures here to tread,
 "With all her imperfections on her head;"
 'Tis *Cowslip's* sister—who will be severe?
 Who blast the bud, his fost'ring breath might rear?

(To

(*To the Galleries.*)

Ye critic Lingos, there enthron'd on high,
What you can grant to ladies, ne'er deny.

(*To the Pit.*)

This awful box, where legal jurors sit,
Sworn and impanell'd to preside o'er wit;
To trust your candour let no female rue,
But prove yourselves in deed—good men and true.

(*To the Boxes.*)

While in this circle, our fair judges here
As counsel for the prisoner appear;
Soften the rigours of the legislature,
And shew there's no good judge without good-nature.

The

THE
D E C I S I O N ;

O R,

THE FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

YOUNG Raymond late a bracelet found,
On Pleasure's light and airy ground;
And thus its motto did declare,
" Present the Fairest of the Fair."

The youth in rapture flew to find
The fair whose heart display'd her mind,
Resolv'd the maid the prize should gain,
Who could the motto clear explain.

G

Belinda

Belinda claim'd the prize her due,
 For virtues which she never knew ;
 And prudish Chloe, form'd by pride,
 Despis'd it, ogled, sneer'd, and sigh'd !

Coquet Marian, deck'd in smiles,
 Spreads around her various wiles ;
 But coy Miranda, prim demure,
 Attempts to scorn a gift so poor.

But see a lovely maid appears,
 Tis blushing Julia, clad in fears,
 Trembling like the fluttering dove,
 Born to captivate—born to love.

Ah ! youth beware, in ambush lies
 A thousand darts in Julia's eyes ;
 And fain she'd urge her modest plea,
 But that was Raymond left for thee.

The youth, with cautious nice precision;
 Examines each, and makes decision;
 Directed by great Nature's voice,
 Submissive bow'd, and made his choice :

" Permit me, Julia !" Raymond cried,
 (And on her arm the *bracelet* tied)
 For Virtue, fair one, bids thee wear
 This gift—as "*Fairest of the Fair !*"

((920))

V E R S E S

ADDRESSED TO

An amiable Y O U N G L A D Y,

O N H E R

Expressing a DESIRE to take the VEIL.

DISLODGE, sweet fair! the melancholy guest,
That dares intrude where heav'nly virtues dwell;
Let not delusion reach thy tender breast,
Ill form'd to bear what Jesuits falsely tell.

Weigh well each hardship must the maid endure
When once is took the ne'er revoking veil;
Lost to the world, to ev'ry friend obscure,
Where sighs do penance to the midnight gale.

Say;

Say, canst thou leave each scene of fond delight,
 To live immers'd within the cloyster's gloom ;
 Where no kind parent cheers the mourner's fight,
 But some dread abbess fills a mother's room ?

Then should a thought to former scenes return ;
 But, ah ! how fruitless—then too late, how vain !
 Some monk austere the fond idea might spurn,
 And only pity by inflicting pain.

Say, has austerity such potent charms
 Within the confines of a dismal cave ?
 Say, would thou fly Religion's sacred arms,
 To seek her shadow in a convent's grave ?

Forbid the thought, Religion ! Nature cries,
 Urg'd by some dæmon from his dark abode ;
 Fearful an angel should ascend the skies,
 And live enthron'd with an omniscient God.

S O N N E T.

T H E

S H E P H E R D ' s C O M P L A I N T .

SWEET birds that inhabit my trees,
Melodious heralds of morn ;
No more can your harmony please,
Since Phillida's left me forlorn,

You saw yester eve in the grove,
Sweet blushes vermillion'd her cheek ;
You heard her approve of my love,
And vow she'd be mine in a week.

Ye minstrels, she's false as the wind,

She's fled to a far richer swain.

Yet tho' she has prov'd so unkind,

Love bids me in silence complain;

While Hope, with a tender concern,

Says, Phillida yet may return.

B E N A N D K A T E,
O F I N V E R M A Y:
A M U S I C A L D I A L O G U E.

B E N.

“FAREWELL, sweet Kate!” the sailor cry’d,

“ War calls your Ben away;

“ When peace returns I’ll make my bride

“ Sweet Kate of Invermay.”

K A T E.

“ Farewell, my Ben!” fair Kate reply’d,

“ Since honour wills it so;

“ May angels o’er thy fate preside,

“ And shield thee from each foe.”

B E N.

B E N.

" I thank thee, love!—and now no fear

" Can reach thy sailor's heart ;

" (Save only one, my beauteous dear)

" 'Tis Kate, we now must part."

K A T E.

" Far be't from me to bid thee stay,

" When battle calls to arms !

" Britannia bids thee, Ben away,

" Quell Albion's dread alarms."

B E N.

" She doth!—but must I leave my Kate

" Without one parting kiss ;

" Forbid it Heav'n!—forbid it fate !

" Take this—and this—and this."

She

She press'd her balmy lips to his,

And took a fond adieu ;

He flies, returns, and crowns their bliss,

Serves love, and honour too.

Sweet fair, ne'er check the gallant youth,

When honour calls away ;

So shall your love's be crown'd with truth,

Like those of Invermay.

THE

T H E

SYMPATHIZING SIGH:

Written in Consequence of some Verses written by a
Friend, entitled,

"The Sympathizing Tear."

"SAY, what is Friendship, but a name,"

When friend can ne'er on friend rely ?

'Tis chaos, built on airy fame,

That wants the Sympathizing Sigh !

I hate the fiend, whose vaulted praise

Can proffer all, yet all deny ;

Whose deeds *diffimulation* sways,

And *feigns* the Sympathizing Sigh.

But

But he who scorns the mean deceit,
 And sheds a tear when *Sorrow's* by,
 His friendship is supremely sweet,
 And sweet's the Sympathizing Sigh.

I love the noble-minded girl,
 Whose bosom heaves, yet knows not why!
 Whose pride ne'er checks the downy swell,
 Nor stems the Sympathizing Sigh.

Like you, my friend, I hate the love
 That spurns distress when mis'ry's near;
 Whose torpid views can soar above
 The humble Sympathizing Tear.

And should my friend and fair one vie,
 Who most *despondency* could cheer!
 From *him*, I'd claim the friendly sigh—
 From *her*, the Sympathizing Tear.

No greater treasures would I crave,
Should Heav'n my wishes thus supply;
To ev'ry tear which friendship gave,
I'd add the Sympathizing Sigh.

VERSES

V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY THE
PERUSAL OF THE POEMS
O F

A N N Y E A R S L E Y,

The MILKWOMAN of *Clifton*, near *Bristol*.

O THOU, whose pow'r surpasses the bounds of praise,
Omniscient Being, heav'n's eternal King!
Who can'st, from void and impotent nothing, raise
The meanest worm—thy mightiest deeds to sing.

Unlearn'd, untaught, in Education's page,
The humble rustic pin'd awhile unknown;
'Till thou, Infinite, didst her cause engage,
And form'd ideas—to magnify thy own.

Fashion'd

Fashion'd each thought with supernat'ral sense,
 And "Fancy bade" with heav'nly ardour glow;
 Then deign to accept th' grateful recompence,
 The hymn of praise—'tis all she can bestow.

Illumin'd Yearsley, whose prolific mind
 Teems with Imagination's noblest flights;
 Around thy head be bloomless laurels twin'd,
 Serene thy days, and joyous be thy nights.

Long may sweet Inspiration fire thy breast,
 And future lays illustrious Virtue tend;
 Lays that in lofty flowing numbers dress'd,
 Have prov'd thee Nature's universal friend.

What tho' no pedigree thy name enrol,
 Bristol shall long its rural minstrel hail;
 While Fame records her to each distant pole,
 The admir'd poetress of *Clifton Dale*.

L I N E S

L I N E S

On seeing Mrs. CROUCH in the Character of
LAURETTE, in *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

TO banish dull care, and alleviate pain,
Sweet Crouch ventures forth in Thalia's gay train;
Persuasion's soft pow'r e'en beams in her face,
Each smile has a charm, and each motion a grace;
Yet, gaze not too long on Laurette's bright eyes,
Whose lustre the diamond's illusion despise;
But gaze on the virtues that spring from her soul,
And Modesty's blush, that encircles the whole;
Then Scandal's fell venom must instant expire,
And Chastity own whom the world can admire.

S O N G.

S O N G.

T H E

D Y I N G T H R U S H.

Set to MUSIC by Mr. HOOK.

A DYING thrush young Edwy found,
 As flutt'ring in a field of snow;
 Its little wings with ice were bound,
 Awhile its heart forgot to glow;
 In eager haste he homeward ran,
 The quiv'ring charge to me resign'd;
 "Oh save it, Celia! if you can,
 Protect it from the wint'ry wind."

H

My

My bosom pres'd the trembling thing,
 And bade its little pris'ner live;
 But, ah! that bosom felt a sting
 The panting warbler ne'er could give;
 With sweet concern young Edwy cry'd,
 " Can Celia save the tender thrush?"
Perhaps, I said—and foolish sigh'd,
 Which shame converted to a blush.

He cry'd, " my Celia, why that sigh?
 And why that blush?—the bird is free;—
 But pity beams in Celia's eye,
 Ah! let it fair one beam on me!"
 My heart approv'd his pleasing claim,
 Tho' fain to hide the rebel strove;
 For pity bore a dearer name,
 'Twas now converted into *love*!

JESSEY'S FAIR.

A PASTORAL.

A WANTON kid from Delia stray'd,
A beauteous nymph of peerless mien,
The frisking wand'rer left the maid
To mourn its loss on Jessej's green.

In vain she cry'd, "My lamb return,
Nor fly, my kid, thou know'st not where?"
The trisler, with a lost concern,
Fled ev'ry plaint of Jessej's fair.

Young Damon heard her plaintive cries,
And hurt to see the virgin weep,
To seek her lamb, like lightning flies,
O'er woodlands, dales, and mountains steep.

Ah, hapless victim!—breathless—cold,
He finds his Della's fleecy care;
Her kid had down a summit roll'd,
Ere far he'd fled from Jeffrey's fair.

Her lamb, her fav'rite lamb, no more
Could play its little gambols round;
Its num'rous tricks, alas! were o'er,
And, ah! its death—its folly found.

A tear stood trembling in his eye,
As Damon told her lambkin's fate,
Which Delia's handkerchief would dry,
Expressive of her love-sick state.

She lov'd the youth whose tender breast
Could make another's grief his own;
Nor did she wish that love suppress'd,
But fondly strove to make it known.

The faithful Damon ne'er would rove,
But where his Delia chanc'd to stray;
Too happy if his love could prove,
How fond—how willing—to obey.

The happy moment now arriv'd,
She bade the youth "no more despair,
"For Damon, who her lamb surviv'd,
"Was worthy Jeffrey's (lovely) fair."

H 2

LOUISA.

L O U I S A.

WHEN night's dark mantle veil'd the seas,
And Nature's self was hush'd to sleep;
When gently blew the midnight breeze,
Louisa sought the boundless deep.

On a lone beach, in wild despair,
She sat recluse from soft repose;
Her bitter wailings rent the air,
And sad were fair *Louisa's* woes.

Three years she nurs'd the pleasing thought,
Her love—her Henry—would return;
When, ah! the fatal news was brought,
The sea was made his wat'ry urn.

(Sweet

(Sweet maids, who know the pow'r of love,
You best can tell what she must feel,
Who 'gainst each adverse fortune strove
The tender passion to conceal.)

Bewilder'd, lost, absorb'd in grief,
While madness ran thro' ev'ry vein;
The mourner sought from death relief,
And frantic plung'd into the main.

The Heav'ns with pity saw her end,
The frantic deed of hopeless love,
And bade their angel guard descend,
And bear Louisa's soul above.

There plac'd in happier scenes on high,
Louisa smiles at ev'ry care;
Hush'd into joy is ev'ry sigh,
For Henry's angel form is there!

S O N N E T.

T O

C Y N T H I A.

OFT has the shepherd tun'd his vocal reed,
 And pledg'd his vows to meet the coming night;
 The constant virgin, whom with swiftest speed,
 Cynthia's guided by her heav'nly light.

Oft has the miser blest'd the midnight hour,
 When bright Cynthia's blaz'd the misty earth,
 To secret, ah! perhaps, some orphan's dow'r,
 Robb'd by the wretch of all its little worth.

Oft

Oft hast thou seen the sailor void of fear,

(Save one that Nature fondly whisper'd love)

Prefs to his lips the image of his dear,

While 'gainst the surge the lab'ring vessel's strove ;

And, ah ! Cynthia, what hast thou not seen,

When love's met love, in woodbine bow'r or green !

CHAR-

CHARLOTTE TO WERTER.

COMPLAIN, gentle Werter, no more,
 For soon must your Charlotte resign
 This life, which with joy I'll restore
 When my soul wings its course unto thine.

Then down thou poor spirit, and rest,
 For soon will your wanderings end;
 For deep is engrav'd in my breast,
 The sorrows of Werter, my friend.

My husband, good Albert, adieu!
 Forgive the past faults of my life;
 May my babes find a father in you,
 And you a more dutiful wife.

Give

Give each for me, Albert, a kiss,
'Tis all that I now can bestow;
May their years be a series of blifs,
Unmix'd with the bitters of woe.

Come, Death! in thy horrors appear!
Grim tyrant thou canst not affright;
My soul is a stranger to fear,
And chides thee for shrinking to strike.

Methinks that I hear Werter chide,
Displeas'd he appears at my stay;
See! his arms he opes to me wide,
Impatient to bear me away.

I come, thou dear shadow of youth,
Who dy'd for an ill-fated love;
I've known thy affection and truth,
And hasten to meet thee above.

No longer to limits confin'd,
To heav'n's high summit we'll soar,
And leaving contagion behind,
The sorrows of Werter be o'er.

THE

D E C I S I O N.

WHEN Pallas saw commerce extend o'er the earth,
The goddess in raptures thus cried—

“ O Britain ! first nation for traffic and worth,

“ Young Fashion with you shall reside !

“ Descend, lovely nymph, and encourage the arts,

“ See the banners of Science unfurl'd !

“ While History proves, by her records and charts,

“ That England's the pride of the world.”

She

She ceas'd, and the nymph at the instant obey'd,
 To Britain then wing'd her descent,
 And having penn'd down the researches she made,
 To Minerva these tidings she sent :

" Thro' Olympus proclaim, great goddess, on high,
 " Brunswick's realms are th' mansions of love ;
 " Where beauty, wit, knowledge, alternately vie,
 " To rival celestials above."

W E R T E R

WERTER TO CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE, fair maid, what means that eye
Ripe bursting with the tear ;
And why thus heave that bitter sigh,
When Albert is not near?

But, ah ! lov'd maid, forbear to tell,
Too well your friend doth know,
Within thy bosom all's not well,
There lyes the cup of woe.

Yet think not Werter is unkind,
Tho' far from thee unseen ;
For, ah ! thou best of womankind,
He knows thy grief is keen.

Whene'er

Whene'er you take your evening walk,
 To breathe the ambient air,
 Will Werter's shadow round thee stalk,
 And guard his hapless fair.

Yes, dearest Charlotte! thee I'll guard,
 Till Death his summons sends;
 Nor then, the fix'd command retard
 That tears thee from thy friends.

Oh! with what haste will Werter speed,
 The messenger of Love!
 Bear thy pure soul, by fate decreed,
 To blissful realms above.

Yet ere we take the last adieu
 From friends for ever dear,
 Unto the sigh that comes from you,
 Will Werter add a tear.

Sanction'd

Sanction'd by Heav'n's almighty pow'r,

Our loves shall ever last ;

And rising joys each teeming hour,

Be happier than the past.

F. L. O. M. E.

And every nerve with new sensation glow,
 How cuttle change is passing, as the toll
 Each pulse attends, and every nerve with motion flows,
 Pressing the blood, and filling the soul.

I

SONNET.

How the heart loves the beloved one,
 How the heart loves the beloved one,
 How the heart loves the beloved one,
 How the heart loves the beloved one.

S O N N E T.

T O

M E L P O M E N E.

A PLEASING sadness thrills the pensive soul,
 Each pulse attentive beats with motion flow ;
 Now quickly chang'd, conflicting passions roll,
 And ev'ry nerve with new sensations glow.

" Now, Jaffier, now ! " the lovely mourner cries,
 " 'Tis Belvidera counts the pointed steel ;
 Now, my best love, thy Belvidera dies,
 Strike while thy bosom ev'ry fear conceal."

Phrenzy

Phrenzy recoils, and love holds sov'reign sway,
 Affection hurls aside the erring dart;
 And he that could his gen'rous friend betray,
 Acts—nobly acts—the friend and lover's part.
 Such, sweet Melpomene's, thy pow'r to move
 The callous heart—to sympathy and love.

S O N N E T.

TO

T H A L I A.

SORROW, away ! ye gloomy thoughts begone !

Thalia comes in ev'ry grace array'd ;

Prepare the cymbal, tune the festive song,

See ev'ry homage to the goddess paid.

Unfold the Cestus form'd by magic skill,

And bind around Attraction's airy waist ;

Enough—beware—each arrow aims to kill,

Shot from the bow of Fancy, and of Taste.

Methinks

Methinks I see the lovely fair one smile,
 And lightly trip it o'er the mimic stage ;
 Her artless look, devoid of ev'ry guile,
 Unknowing, captivates and charms the age.
 Reign then, Thalia, on thy British shore,
 Till Chaos comes, and Time shall be no more.

VENUS FOUND GUILTY.

AS Jove held above a council of late,
Fair Venus was call'd to the chair;
Young Cupid was lost, and the charge laid to Fate,
By old Vulcan's too lovely fair.

In vain he took oath, he flew from his arms,
One moment when absent in thought;
The goddess too conscious of pow'r and charms,
Swore Fate should to judgment be brought.

"Forbear," cry'd Pallas, who rose to decide,
And waving her wand o'er the earth,
"Venus stands culprit, herself's to be try'd;
"For see where young Love has took birth."

She

She pointed to Britain her fav'rite isle,
 Where Beauty with Venus dares vie;
 And fixing on Devon, said with a smile,
 " See where the fond urchin doth lie.

" In Virtue's soft bosom th' infant has slept,
 " Ah, Venus, acknowledge your crime:
 " Unjust you have charg'd old Fate with a theft;
 " Which now plainly proves to be thine."

Her blushes vermillion'd th' lily's white hue,
 And her fault so sweetly confess'd;
 That Cupid from earth flew to heav'n to sue
 A pardon—for having transgress'd.

Jove check'd th' young God for his wanton career,
 And smiling, thus clos'd the debate;
 " Since Earth encourages Love from his sphere,
 " Ah, Venus complain not of Fate."

((1828))

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO

Mrs HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS,

AUTHORESS OF PERU,

A P O E M.

PERU's rich mines by captive slaves explor'd,
Where Plutus reigns supreme, by all ador'd;
'Tis not his treasures Williams' pen impart,
Her subject's Nature, glowing from the heart;
To her the Muse, the noblest tasks consign,
Expanded thought, gave energy divine,
Unfolded Nature's secrets to her view,
And form'd the line her conduct should pursue;

And

And well the maid's perform'd the mighty task,
 The deed was great—no more the Muse could ask ;
 Peru unbosoms, all the Nine foretold
 Where Nature forms the universal mould,
 Whose true impressions proves the ablest skill,
 Subdues the heart, and conquers e'en the will.

*S*o sweet Maria pleads a parent's cause,
 The Muse by Echo vibrates back applause ;
 So lively paints the lover's ardent flame,
 That doubts will rise, but Williams feels the same ;
 Each scene she tints, such beaming truths displays,
 That Envy gives involuntary praise.

In vain to trace o'er Peru's vast domain,
 Her boundless fancy—boundless praises claim ;
 Peruvia's woes, when time shall bear no date,
 Will stand recorded on the page of Fate ;
 And while Zamor's and Aciloe's loves are read,
 Shall Helen's fame be rescu'd from the dead.

IMPROMPTU

I M P R O M P T U

O N

A YOUNG LADY'S SIGNIFYING A WISH

T O G O

T O S P A I N.

FORBEAR, Maria, Oh! forbear!

Nor trust to adverse winds;

Let England guard her lovely fair,

Where beauty safety finds.

One Venus has escap'd the sea,

From Neptune's wat'ry cell;

And now he only waits for thee,

Where ev'ry virtue dwell.

Think

Think not to pass his dread domain,
The god in person waits ;
And swears his Venus to regain,
And baffle e'en the Fates.

TO

A M I N T O R.

A Gentleman who placed a very warm Confidence in a young Lady, whom he flattered himself was not undeserving his Love; but whom he afterwards found to be a mere Coquet.

NO longer Amintor complain,
But far, banish far, the false fair;
Dispel from thy bosom the pain;
Nor let cruel grief harbour there.

Let

Let Zephyr with sympathy join,
To fan down the troublesome sigh;
Then ease with contentment be thine,
And the coqueting fair one defy.

Turn, Nancy, false Nancy, away!
Nor give her a place in your heart
Unworthy she near it should lay,
Who never partook of it's smart.

Give Zephyr her scorn and her pride,
He'll puff it away in the air:
As for Love, that impet'ous tide,
Return with contempt to the fair.

Then nobly pursue your intent,
From thy breast tear th' envenom'd dart;
And show her that you can resent,
And Zephyr will bear you a part.

ZEPHYR.

O C C A

OCCASIONAL LINES

ON SEEING

The JUBILEE represented at *Drury-Lane* THEATRE,

IN HONOUR OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN tyrant customs Freedom's island fled,
'Twas then the Stage first rear'd her infant head;
'Twas then fair Albion on her Britons smil'd,
And gave them *Shakespeare*, Nature's darling child!
Olympus hail'd, thrice hail'd the auspicious morn,
Minerva nam'd, a young Apollo born;
Great Jove bade Mercury down to *Stratford* wing,
Steal the young imp, and to Olympus bring,

The

The God of thefts, the dread command obey'd,
 And to *Olympus* soon the boy convey'd :
 Him Jove approv'd, and instant did invest
 With ev'ry GIFT that could adorn his breast ;
 " Be thine the care, Minerva, to impart
 " To him the secrets of thy potent art ;
 " *Wisdom* and *Virtue* see a refuge find,
 " Within each chasm of his infant mind."
 " Enough," she said, " my father, he appears
 " Already MAN, tho' infant yet in years."
 " Away," he cry'd, " be to my orders just,
 " And on fair *Avon* lodge thy sacred trust."
 'Twas done—the goddess instant reach'd the earth,
 And plac'd her treasure where he *first* had birth ;
 In raptures saw his reason rapid rise,
 His *cloud-capt tow'rs* e'en reach'd his native skies ;
 The gods themselves, were even struck amaz'd,
 And on his *Tempest*—all with wonder gaz'd ;
 Minerva soon his matchless deeds made known,
 And proudly boasted *Shakespeare* was her own.

Short,

Short, very short—he ran his bold career;
 But Britain ever shall his name revere !
 Yet will we trace in Jubilee each night
 His works, with anxious and supreme delight ;
 And as his *statue* meets the glitt'ning eye,
 Each breast shall pay the tribute of a sigh !
 Avaunt, then, *Death* ! 'tis not thy fatal dart
 Can ere erase his mem'ry from the heart,
 Tho' when you struck, Melpomene shook with fear,
 And e'en Thalia, shed a silent tear ;
 But in his heav'n of heav'ns he's now a guest—
 There rest, sweet Bard, immortal Shakespeare, rest !

*In Consequence of the Occasional Lines on seeing the
JUBILEE, in Honour of SHAKESPEARE, (originally
inserted in the Public Advertiser,) the Author received
through the Channel of the same Paper, a very flat-
tering Compliment from an unknown Lady—which
occasioned the following Lines.*

TO

E M M A *

OH for a pen like Shakespeare's to reveal
What Nature dictates, and what Emma feels;
Then would I spurn the glossary of art,
And verse should glow, like Emma's, from the heart;

* The Lady's Signature.

K

So

So soft, so sweet, she pleads her Shakespeare's cause,
 That pale-face Envy joins in the applause ;
 Who would not wish a Shakespeare but to die,
 When Emma pays the sympathetic sigh ?
 When beauty deigns with gratitude sincere,
 To shed the precious crystal of a tear :
 Erase the word of *rugged* from thy line,
 For only *rugged*, are, fair Emma, mine.
 " Permit you ! " — Yes, your Shakespeare would permit,
 Could he but see the lines his Emma writ ;
 Away ! — he could — he doth, he reads them plain,
 And tho' in heaven, drops a tear again :
 Ah ! ere it rests, methinks I see it meet
 His Emma's breast — the pilgrim makes his seat ;
 Fair downy haven, let the stranger lie,
 Where it may live, and never, never die.

THE

UNGRATEFUL BEE.

AS Celia lay reclin'd in sleep,

Within a fragrant grove,

Regardless of her crook and sheep,

She left her lambs to rove.

A Bee, ambitious of his pow'r,

Beheld the lovely fair;

And found thee, ah, too hapless hour!

When Delvill was not there.

K 2

To

To fix on Celia's damask cheek,
 And print his fatal sting ;
 But ere he thought his flight to seek,
 She seiz'd the tremb'ling thing.

With earnest look, and pain intense,
 Yet anger she repress'd ;
 And mindless of his great offence,
 The wanton Bee address'd.

- " Say, cruel fly, what crime I've done,
 " To feel your venom'd dart ;
 " Methinks thy looks doth answer—none ;
 " Then why inflict this smart ?
 " Ah ! guilty, guilty ; but away,
 " Thy judge doth thee dismiss ;
 " Go—to some distant climate stray,
 " And take this pardon'd kiss."

Releas'd

Releas'd the victor buzzing flies,
And round the damsel play'd ;
While Morpheus gently clos'd the eyes
Of the forgiving maid.

But scarce again by sleep caress'd,
Oh ! treacherous Bee, he flew ;
And darting on the virgin's breast,
He stung that haven too.

" Oh ! Heav'n," she cry'd, " so soon return'd,
" Ungrateful savage Bee ;
" Has then this breast which pity burn'd,
" Deserv'd its wound from thee ?"

" Ah ! no, my lovely Celia, no,"
Cry'd Delvill drawing near ;
" I've seen thy anguish, felt thy woe,
" And have a witness here."

She turn'd and saw it was too true,

Her foe again was caught;—

And justice claim'd the victim due,

To death was rightly brought.

Soft pity now forsook her seat,

Tho' Celia wishful sigh'd;

Revenge her Delvill's bosom beat,

"Die traitor, die!" he cry'd.

E L E G Y.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. HENDERSON.

'TIS o'er, 'tis past, the melancholy bier

Has reach'd ere now the ne'er departing goal ;

Intruding thoughts, reflection too severe,

Avaunt ! nor raise new horrors in the soul.

Slow, very slow, the sad procession pass'd,

The tears of sorrow trembl'd in each eye ;

Crowd press'd on crowd, in silence gaz'd their last,

Tear follow'd tear, and sigh re-echo'd sigh.

The ancient Abbey, clad in dread array,
 Smil'd when the creaking hinges op'd the door;
 The yawning vault receiv'd its darling prey,
 And clos'd the scene his num'rous friends deplore.

Clasp him, Maria, clasp him to your breast,
 For he could sweetly all thy griefs reveal;
 And oft his eye, * sad virgin, has confess'd,
 His heart has felt what manhood would conceal.

Ah! gentle Sterne, who now shall e'er relate
 Le Fevre's woe with such exquisite art;
 Could you not check'd awhile the hand of Fate!
 For once repell'd the king of terrors dart!

* Mr. Henderson has been observed, when reading Sterne's pathetic story of Maria, at Freemasons' Hall, to shed tears; and the audience, as if their hearts beat in unison with his, have involuntarily followed the example.

No! you beheld his genius tow'ring rise,
And joyful saw his summons seal'd to die,
And ere his soul had reach'd th' etherial skies,
In raptures bore it to his God on high.

There with a Shakespear and a Garrick plac'd,
He acts a part his God has him ordain'd;
"Recording angels" have his faults eras'd,
From heaven's volume, where a speck remain'd.

Let then a smile adorn his widow's face,
For now he wears the never-fading wreath;
While he in heav'n preserves for her a place,
Know, bliss supreme, is only found in death!

The following Incident took Place at the Representation of the Pantomime, entitled, OMAI, or a Trip round the World, where a Portrait of Captain Cook is introduced.

A T E A R

O F

S E N S I B I L I T Y.

AS t'other night a tar with gods was fat,
When Cook appear'd, the Briton's eyes were wet;
A landsman near him gave the tar a sneer:
"What! cry, Jack! damn me, come, no blubb'ring
"here."

"Avast

" Avast there, Tom," the honest tar reply'd,
 " Or smite my timbers else I'll thrash thy hide;
 " See there, thou lubber, view yon gallant chief,
 " With whom, God rest him! oft I've plough'd the
 " deep.
 " Show me a foe, can make Jack Oakham fear."
 But here he sigh'd*, and wip'd away a tear!

DEATH OF WEBSTER
 * Pointing to the Painting of Captain Cook.

SONG.

S O N G .
T H E
SORROWS OF CHARLOTTE

O N T H E
D E A T H O F W E R T E R .

W H E N Werter first fair Charlotte saw,
What strange emotions seiz'd his breast,
And robb'd him too for e'er of rest ;
By force of love's despotic law :
Then oft he'd seek the willow grove,
And as he'd thro' the coverts rove,
Oh ! how he'd sigh, he'd sigh for guilty love !

Then

Then back return with eager pace,
And Charlotte! Charlotte! mournful cry;
The while he would so sadly sigh,
That tears would trickle down his face:
And when she saw him thus in woe,
She'd sweetly whisper soft and low;
" Oh! how I grieve, I grieve, to see you so!"

This fatal passion oft she'd chide,
That both their sad misfortunes wrought;
When fate the doleful tidings brought,
For love of Charlotte—Werter dy'd:
Oh! how she cry'd in bitter woe,
" How could you, Werter, pain me so;
" Oh! how I grieve, the world thy death must
" know!"

A T R I B U T E

TO THE

M E M O R Y

S H A K E S P E A R E.

IMMORTAL Shakespeare, would my Muse inspire
 My feeble pen with a celestial fire,
 Then would I lay it at thy heav'nly shrine,
 For ev'ry charm of Pöetry was thine;
 Each passion form'd by thy prophetic skill,
 Storm'd ev'ry heart, and conquer'd ev'ry will;

E v ' n

Ev'n Vice abash'd stood trembling at his feet,
 When Shakespeare led sweet Virtue to her seat.
 The fiend too conscious of her mighty foe,
 Confounded sunk in the abyfs below;
 While the chaste goddess blushing at her fame,
 In fate's fair page wrote down her Shakespeare's name;
 But fearful lest the theft should e'er be found,
 Ask'd his permission, and her fav'rite crown'd
 With blooming laurels he had nobly won;
 And stealing from him, added, "*Nature's Son.*"
 Ah! my sweet Shakespeare, had but I your art,
 Or the soft magnet to subdue the heart;
 Then would I tell what joy I have receiv'd,
 How oft I've smil'd, how oft with you I've griev'd.
 " How bloody Richard has my bosom rag'd,
 " How Juliet's love has ev'ry thought engag'd;
 " Ev'n now my heart is trembling with my pen,
 " At Venice Moor's, "*Put out the light, and then.*"
 " Sweet Imogen shall likewise have a tear,
 " For Milford Hav'n," loud methinks I hear.

My

My charming Hamlet, sure thy constant truth
Demands a sigh, a tribute to thy youth.

" White his shroud as the mountain snow,"

" Sweet Ophelia, was it not so ?

" And kind Cordelia, she can best explain

" What love can soothe an aged father's pain,

" Fair Cleopatra beauteous seen in death,

" Whose head thy Shakespeare twin'd with laurel

" wreath.

" —Enough of woe, come forth thou smiling train,

" Good king of cats," Mercutio come again ;

" I prythee give me leave to breath awhile,"

Said the fat knight—ah ! Falstaff, let me smile.

" O noble, worthy, and most upright judge,"

Old Shylock cry'd, who ow'd the man a grudge.

" A herald, Kate, oh ! put me in thy books ;"

Petruchio ! come, there's taming in thy looks.

" I may command," nay will, where I adore,

" Malvolio said, nay, so Malvolio swore.

" My

" My pretty Rosalind, you too shall find,
 " Orlando lov'd thee for thy gen'rous mind ;
 " But, ah ! methinks I hear the Bard to cry,
 " Hold thy rash pen, nor dare with me to vie."

Chide not my Shakespeare, for in thee we trace,
 In ev'ry line new beauties and new grace.

How can we then desist when you invite,
 Thou envi'd giver of supreme delight ?

Yes ! when our Shakespeare ceases to engage,
 Adieu the pleasures of the moral stage.

Ye feather'd songsters, chaunt your artless lays,
 Chaunt the sweet name of Shakespeare in your praise.

While tell-tale echo vibrates loud the same,

Ye gentle zephyrs, waft afar his fame ;

For while the gods protect the Bard on high,

His works shall live, and Shakespeare never die !

TO

JULIA*.

ASK not, my Julia, lovely friend,

What reigns within your breast;

In vain can I assistance lend,

To give the flutterer rest.

Ask why the throbbing rebel beats,

As bursting from its cell;

Which now advances, then retreats,

The traitor best can tell.

Ask

Ask why unbidden rose that figh;

Ask too from whence it came;

And blushes that with roses vie,

Sure, Julia, has a name.

Why doth my friend then seek to hide,

What she too well must know;

Nay, blame not, Julia, if I chide,

But dare you answer—No?

Ah, no! that crimson blush proclaims

What Julia dares not own;

Within her bosom Cupid reigns,

And there has fix'd his throne.

No longer then repel the dart,

Which fain has Julia strove;

But let the dictates of thy heart

Approve, and own its love.

(186)

L I N E S

O N

MRS. A B I N G T O N ' s

F I R S T A P P E A R A N C E

A T

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE,

In the YEAR 1785.

HENCE, ye vapours of despair,

Cease to taint the ambient air ;

To some distant region stray,

Haste, ye mists, ye films away !

See, approach with all her arts,

Queen of smiles, and queen of hearts.

Hail,

Hail, fair goddess of delight,
 Haste and crown the festive night ;
 Come, and bring thy train with thee,
 " Tipsy, dance, and jolity."
 By thy more than magic pow'rs,
 Charm away the lazy hours ;
 By thy soft bewitching strains,
 Hither bring old Care in chains ;
 Here he shall receive his due,
 Him and all his drowsy crew ;
 If they dare dispute the throne,
 Which belongs to thee alone.—
 But soft—a voice my ear alarms ;
 Thalia calls the fair to arms.

L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. J. D A Y'S

A D D R E S S

I N T H E

MORNING CHRONICLE.

In the YEAR 1785 *.

JOVE from on high beheld the jarring world,
Shook the vast globe and round his thunder hurl'd;
"Mortals," he cry'd, "attend a god's decree,
Behold a youth commission'd you from me;

"Go,

" Go, DAY," he said, " exert your utmost art,
 " Improve the morals, and instruct the heart;
 " Protect the *Arts*, and *Sciences* defend,
 " And *Navigation* round the globe extend;
 " Prove Nature's friend, and ev'ry vice suppress,
 " But most your care—demands the British press;
 " Freedom is held by Briton's sacred dear,
 " Haste to their aid, their dearest rights revere;
 " Assert with eloquence, support their cause,
 " And bleed, if needful, to defend their laws."

He ceas'd to speak, and graceful wav'd his hand
 O'er Britain's isle, where Freedom takes her stand;
 Quick to the earth the youth impatient flew,
 And reach'd the spot where Liberty first grew;
 Unknown to tyrants' arbitrary sway,
 Albion receiv'd, and own'd the urchin DAY.
 Anxious to act the part he was design'd,
 His first great effort was to try the mind:
 He found the Britons valiant, firm, and free,
 He found great George reign sovereign of the sea.

" Yes, yes ! " in raptures, cry'd the happy youth,
 'Tis here reigns Virtue, Constancy, and Truth-
 Here will I fix ambassador of Jove,
 And own his Britons well deserve his love.
 In plaintive verse, petition sent on high,
 Permission begg'd to live, and here to die.
 Old Thunder smil'd, and gracious gave consent,
 While acclamations old Olympus rent ;
 Pleas'd with the choice, the daring Boy had made,
 " Pallas," he said, " your laurels ne'er will fade ;
 " England will now your various arts display,
 " And Wisdom flourish in the age of Day,"

 IMPROMPTU

((168))

I M P R O M P T U

ON SEEING

MRS. W E L L S

IN THE

CHARACTER OF LAURA,

IN THE

E N T E R T A I N M E N T

ENTITLED

The F O O L.

SAY, pretty Fool, why shine those eyes

So bright?—too sure they kill;

Each random arrow deadly flies,

And conquers whom you will.

Keep

Keep back the rebels, cruel fair,

Nor draw the fatal dart ;

The quiv'ring bow bend not :—beware,

Each victim is a heart.

Think not these winning smiles will plead

For pardon, when too late

The tyrant that makes others bleed,

Must meet herself that fate.

For Venus swears by all above,

She will revenge her fame ;

For one has robb'd the queen of love,

And Wells' the traitor's name.

In Consequence of the Verses addressed to JULIA, under the assumed Name of LOUISA, in the Morning Chronicle, the Author was addressed in the following Verses, by a Gentleman, who he verily believes to have experienced the Effects of disappointed Love; and as he complains of the Cruelty of the Lady in delicate and pleasing poetical Strains, the good-natured Reader will, perhaps, pardon their appearing in this Volume.

TO
L O U I S A.

AH! charming wrestler!—with what care
For love, Louisa pleads;
The god well pleas'd, accepts her pray'r,
And Julia owns she bleeds.

Oh!

Oh! could Louisa's winning strain,
 Once reach my Delia's ear,
 She, too, might own a mutual pain,
 And check my frequent tear.

The boast of swains—her sex's pride,
 Of ev'ry charm possess'd;
 I've lov'd her long, nor aught beside,
 Can soothe my wretched breast.

Chaste as her fame, my passion rose,
 And Virtue guides it still;
 Pure as the lucid stream that flows
 From yonder neighb'ring hill.

Try, dear Louisa, try your art,
 Your melting notes prolong;
 Touch Delia's unrelenting heart,
 And mine shall bless your song.

J. R.

In

In Consequence of Mr. J. R's. Request, the Author addressed the following to DELIA, which was answered by the Gentleman, replied to, by LOUISA, and again answered by the enraptured Lover.

T O

D E L I A *.

SAY, lovely Delia, dare I sue,

In hopes my suit to gain?

Ah! could I raise a sigh from you,

My efforts were not vain.

Dare

Dare an unknown intruder plead?—

Ah! bid me not refrain;

Since Hope compels me to proceed,

You'll spurn not with disdain.

Behold, fair Delia, at thy feet,

A humble suppliant sighs,

Whose anxious fears too plainly speak,

If Delia frowns he dies.

Sweet Virtue's lodg'd within his breast,

That sacred pledge of truth;

And Constancy, the charming guest,

Attends the faithful youth.

Yet still he pines for one dear maid,

Oh! grant him quick relief!

No more let care his breast invade,

Since you can soothe his grief.

Since

Since Delia's sovereign of his heart,

Be kind, ye pow'rs above,

And take a wretched captive's part,

Whose only fault is love.

COMPLAINT

TO

LOUISA

OF THE

AND OF THE

THE

COMPLAINT

TO

LOUISA

OF THE

ADELPHI

LOUISA—gen'rous, sympathetic maid;

Where should I bring my sorrows but to you?

Where seek the balm of pity—friendship's aid?

But where that pity, and that friendship grew?

Once

Once did my trembling, love-sick heart implore ;
 Once you espous'd, and sweetly urg'd my plea ;
 Ah! now kind soother, let a tear deplore,
 A wretch just blasted by the Fates' decree.

Long had I play'd in Cupid's myrtle vale ;
 Pure all my joys—for Delia was my song :
 Hope still pervaded love's suspecting tale,
 And drank sweet poison from the charmer's tongue.

But late a rival suitor, rich and bold,
 Try'd ev'ry art my Delia's hand to gain ;
 Each subtle vow he tinsel'd o'er with gold,
 And built his little triumph on my pain.

Vain were his projects—vain the fordid lure ;
 His wealth unenvied, and his hopes unsped :
 Had but my Delia, in that luckless hour,
 Thought how I suffer'd, how I lov'd and bled !

M

For,

For, oh! she's gentle as the weeping dove,
 And meek-ey'd pity rules her hallow'd breast;
 'Twas this, and beauty's charm, that seal'd my love,
 Cut short my freedom, and undid my rest.

Curf'd be the venal bribery of gain,
 That dar'd to tempt a nature so sublime:
 But all is lost!—Delia rejects the swain,
 Whose want of affluence is all his crime.

No more, Louisa—I shall sing no more!
 Pleasure, farewell! ye fyren nymphs be mute;
 Sigh heap'd on sigh shall Delia's loss deplore,
 Till break my heart-strings, as I have broke my lute.

J. R.

Then, if she ever felt the poignant pain,
Which none but love's wounds can know;
Perhaps a sigh she may express again,
Perhaps a tear involuntarily may flow.

To J. R.

FORBEAR, kind Sir, forbid your tears to flow;

Since Delia's false, she is not worth a tear:

Quench the fierce flame, forget it e'er did glow

With ardent love—thy breast is too sincere.

Gentle she's not, nor constant as the dove,

But proud and fickle as the restless wind;

Her breast ne'er felt the pangs of injur'd love,

And Plutus only govern'd Delia's mind.

Tear from thy breast with scorn the venom'd dart,

Send it the fair whose bosom beats so cold;

Tell her it was the victim of a heart

Sold once for love—but purchas'd now by gold.

Then, if she ever felt the poignant pain,
 Which none but Love has wounded ere can know;
 Perhaps a sigh she may express again,
 Perhaps a tear involunt'ry may flow.

Not all the grandeur that's by wealth possess'd,
 Or all the favours Fortune e'er can pour;
 Can calm the fair inconstant's fickle breast,
 To that sweet ease her bosom felt before.

While Time, my friend, will bring his healing balm,
 And still the waves that now tumultuous rise;
 Another maid may ev'ry anguish calm,
 And love returning bury all your sighs.

One too as lovely, tho' by far more true,
 Then the lost fair of ev'ry charm divest;
 With budding virtues opening to the view,
 To give my friend—to make herself more blest.

Call not the Fates, then, cruel or unjust,
 That still protect you with their guardian care,
 Who'll yet commit some virgin to thy trust,
 When Love shall reign sole victor o'er Despair.

And gratitude resigns to love.

Now wound me in that tender part.

Call not the Fates, then, cruel or unjust,
 That still protect you with their guardian care;
 Who'll yet commit some virgin to thy trust,
 When Love shall reign sole victor o'er Despair.

LOUISA.

FAIN would I thank you, gentle friend;
 Fain all your soothing cares approve;
 But ah! my adverse pow'rs contend,
 And gratitude resigns to love.

Stop then, Louisa,—curb your zeal:—
 Reproach, avaunt!—stay thy foul dart!—
 Think, oh! my friend, I love her still,
 Nor wound me in that tend'rest part.

Say, rather say, my Delia's true;
 Tell of her worth, her charms divine!
 Say her's is love and pity too;
 And want of merit only mine.

O T

S M

But

But oh! forbear the ruthless sound
Of cruel—selfish—haughty—vain;
It but exasperates my wound,
And gives new torments to my pain.

How strange the varied force of love?
Oft seen—oft felt—but ne'er defin'd!
'Tis mine *this* mystery to prove—
A heart distracted, yet resign'd.

I rave at fortune; then with tears
For Delia send to Heav'n a pray'r;
Bid blessings crown her future years,
Unmix'd with sorrow, pain, and care.

I say—when in another's arms,
She seeks the happiness I fought;
May one more worthy of her charms,
As kind, as true, be Delia's lot.

Farewell, Louisa ! and beware !

For Delia's more than all I've sung ;

Patient and firm my griefs I'll bear ;

But ne'er excuse the slanderer's tongue.

And, oh ! forgive this harsh rebuke ;

It ill becomes my Muse to you :—

Kind e'en in this, you but mistook

The way to soothe.—Once more, adieu.

J. R.

The following Verses were addressed to LOUISA, immediately after her Application to DELIA; but were not found by the Impostor, till her poetical Admirer's succeeding Strains were committed to Press.

TO

L O U I S A

THANKS, lovely friend—a silent tear

My grateful rapture speaks;

'Tis all my bankrupt love can spare;

'Tis all Louisa seeks.

Now,

Now, oh! ye gods! propitious prove,

Take dear Louisa's part;

Breathe, warmly breathe, my faithful love,

On Delia's lost ning heart.

And thou, my charmer, goddess, saint,

Oh! lend a pitying ear;

I urge no more my spurn'd complaint,

I urge Louisa's pray'r.

I urge her pleading tenderness,

Her pity, and her truth;

Examples meet for thee to trace,

Fair precepts for thy youth.

But, ah! my Delia proves them all,

As Virtue's self refin'd;

Beneath her frown, I only fell—

Devoted—not resign'd.

" Thanks,

" Thanks, lovely friend ;"—I add a pray'r,
Breath'd at Louisa's shrine ;
And could my heart from Delia spare
One vow—'twould sure be thine.

J. R.

Having

*Having laid before the Public the poetical Effusions
of a Gentleman who laboured under the Yoke of
a mysterious Passion, addressed to the fictitious
LOUISA; the converted Scribbler, again trespasses
on their Indulgence, and commits to Print the warm
Rhapsodies of an Admirer of her fair and beauti-
ous Self.*

TO

L O U I S A

OF THE

A D E L P H I

How long, *fair maid!* shall I complain,
And always seek thy *smiles* in vain?
How can my heart such usage bear?
When ev'ry *frown* creates despair!

Sweet

Sweet maid! did'st thou ere find untrue
 The heart that now addresses you?
 Why am I hateful in thy sight,
 Since once I was thy chief delight?
 Return then, wand'rer, to my arms,
 And let me gaze upon thy charms;
 'Tis this shall turn my night to day;
 Haste then, Louisa, why delay?
 But if thou can'st not me relieve,
 Forbear my charmer to deceive;
 Cut short my hope, or else comply,
 Or bid me! bid me! bid me! die!

Temple.

F. D.

This

*This unexpected Love Epistle, to the fair Louisa, caused
the following Answer to her unknown Swain,
which so far from cooling his ardent Flame, seemed
rather to have encreased it, as will be seen by his
energetic Reply to the Lady's Request.*

To F. D.

OF THE

T E M P L E.

THE ANSWER.

ACCCEPT, kind Sir, all I can give,
My wishes that you'll deign to live;
Nor doubt you'll meet some lovely fair,
By far more worthy of your care;

Who

Who will reward your ardent flame,
 With what Louisa dare not name ;
 By what is sanction'd by above,
 A reciprocal mutual love.
 Then spurn the maid you think unkind,
 And tear her image from your mind ;
 Let Hope no longer be caress'd,
 Within thy far too-constant breast.
 Let sweet revenge her rage impart,
 To pluck the viper from your heart.
 May some kind nymph your love return,
 And with a genial ardour burn ;
 No longer then by care deprest,
 My friend will reign supremely blest.

LOUISA.

THE

R E P L Y

T O

L O U I S A

O F T H E

A D E L P H I

ALAS! ye gods! but thus the Fates decree,
Her I adore should prove unkind to me;
Forc'd from her arms, for ever to lament,
Yet would she smile, methinks I'd be content:

In

In some sequester'd grove to build a bower,
And ever curse the hapless, hapless hour
On which Louisa's charms I did behold,
Then be my woe in the Adelpi told.

" Let love's soft god my ardent wishes hear,

" And grant the smiles of an angelic fair;

" Sweet in her disposition tho' unkind,

" And ev'ry grace enrich Louisa's mind;

" A graceful air her beauteous steps attend,

" By all esteem'd, and wish'd for as a friend."

By all ador'd, at least I bear my part,
Heavens convey my feelings to her heart.

O let the maid partake the pangs I feel,
One smile from her my spirit soon shall heal;
Serenity and peace of mind restore,

Grant this Louisa, and I ask no more;

Ah! cruel maid, let me this favour find;

For why, unto a youth, thus prove unkind?

You know each frown a fatal stab doth give,

Why then disdainful dost thou bid me live;

And seek another maid, who might excell
 The *fair* in whom my fondest wishes dwell?
 Ah! hapless youth, thus disregarded, mourn,
 For one that triumphs in the trophies won;
 But tho' despair shall keep thee from my arms,
 In secret anguish I'll adore thy charms.

Temple.

F. D.

Great this I found, and I ask no more;
 Ah! cruel maid, let me this favour end;
 For why, unto a youth, thus prove unkind?
 You know each known a fatal it's both give
 Why then dishonour'd thou bid me live.

And

N

SON.

S O N N E T

T O

L O U I S A

O F T H E

A D E L P H I *

ACCEPT, fair nymph, this unadorn'd essay,

Spurn not the rhyme, which fancy never fires;

Receive the tribute, and excuse the lay,

Which gratitude to thee alone inspires.

Tho' no rare charms my rugged verse display,

Nor great Apollo lends his potent aid;

Still I possess that gem of softer ray,

The soothing friendship of a favour'd maid.

May'st thou arrive at Pleasure's festive goal,
On life's short sea, no fable tempest foam;
At death may seraphs waft thy flying soul,
To soft repose in their eternal home.
While in the list on Fame's immortal scroll,
The splendid goddess shall thy name enroll.

Lincoln's-Inn Fields,

(SIGNED) J. D A Y.

ACCEPT, fair nymph, this unadorn'd essay,
Spurn not the rhyme, which fancy never tries;
Receive the tribute, and excuse the lay,
Which gratitude to thee alone inspires.

Thou, no rare claims my rugged verse display,
Nor great Apollo lends his potent aid;
Still I possess that gem of foster ray,
The soothing friendship of a favour'd maid.

ODE

O D E

T O

Mr. WILLIAM WOODFALL,

P R I N T E R

OF THE

MORNING CHRONICLE.

No more, kind Woodfall, shall *Louisa* send,
Her fictitious scrawl to gain a poet's fame;
Know thou her once protector, guardian friend,
The vile impostor now assumes a name.

A name that *Conscience* bids her blush to own,
 Since she, sad jade, could even thee perplex *;
 But now the harlot abdicates her throne,
 And *brimstone* like, renounces e'en her sex.

Yes, tender name, a fond and last adieu,
 Receive my thanks—that oft *admirers* won;
Form, grace, and beauty now belong to you,
 For fet for ever is my *borrow'd* fun.

And now since transmigration bears a truth,
 A *gen'ral pardon* doth the culprit ask;
 Of *once adorers*, whether *age* or *youth*,
 For having dar'd to wear the female mask.

But most to you these lines are chiefly pen'd,
 Who've long been *chronicl'd* in *daily* print;
 Who oft has prov'd the *drama's* warmest friend,
 By *critiques* coin'd from *sense* and *reason's* mint.

* The Author generally wrote his manuscripts in a Lady's hand.

Authors

Authors and candidates alike may boast,
 Of signal service from thy able pen,
 And many a fair one give the grateful toast,
 " *Impartial Woodfall, and most kind of men,*"

While many an orator has equal cause
 To place thy talents in the fairest light;
 When friends have crown'd his speeches with applause,
 That doz'd the members the preceding night.

And proud is he who has his speech rehears'd,
 In nervous language by thy mem'ry's strength;
 Who well in eloquence and figure vers'd,
 Displays sound rhetoric in pleasing length.

Tho' fain the muse would pay a tribute due,
 To mem'ry such as Woodfall's does require;
 She paints the tribute far too faint for view,
 And leaves the world—to wonder and admire.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

Mrs. **SOPHIA BADDELEY.**

FAREWEL, too frail, unhappy fair, adieu !
No more, Sophia, shall thy boasted charms,
Excite desire in the wondering crew,
To press thee, fair one, to polluted arms.

No more those lips, harmonious lays shall tune,
Or join in concert with quiv'ring lyre !
Thy honour blasted, beauteous fair, too soon,
Ere time had bade thee, Baddeley—retire.

Oft has *Ophelia* charm'd the list'ning throng,
 And sooth'd to love the adamant breast;
 E'en the poor Indian melted at thy song,
 And passion's self subsided into rest.

O had thy form with each attractive grace,
 But firmly stood against Temptation's snare;
 How would you shone amid't the beauteous race,
 The brightest lustre 'mongst the British fair!

Ah! hapless Brown*, and hapless Badd'ley too,
 To fatal passion each too prone inclin'd;
 Two lovelier victims Nature never drew;
 Ah! had that beauty blazon'd in each mind!

* The maiden name of the late celebrated, though unfortunate, Mrs. Cargyl, who was cast away on her return from India, and was found three days after the shipwreck, floating on the waves, with her lovely infant locked in her arms.

Not then, Sophia, had thy spotted fame,
 Ere been the sport of justly pointed scorn;
 Had Virtue grac'd but thy too tarnish'd name,
 You ne'er had died in mis'ry, and forlorn.

The rose that sheds its fragrant sweets around,
 Breathes its perfume o'er each unscented flow'r;
 But chance some blast, extend its wonted bound,
 How short its life, how limited its pow'r!

Such, Baddeley, ere guilty passions beat,
 Scatter'd sweet odours clad in Virtue's bloom;
 Ere the fell spoiler gather'd ev'ry sweet,
 And fix'd the mourner for an early tomb.

Pity her failings, tho' you can't forgive,
 Nor brand her mem'ry with a word severe;
 By her example learn, ye fair, to live,
 And Virtue, ever lovely girls, revere.

A VISION.

V I S I O N.

MORPHEUS had clos'd my wearied eyes to rest,
 And sleep oblivious o'er my senses stole;
 When the fell nightmare pillow'd on my breast,
 And rais'd such phantoms as possess'd me whole.

Methought I saw a ruthless tyrant weep,
 Whose groans so horrid ev'ry feeling shook;
 "Guard me," he cry'd, "ye angels round me keep,
 "Controul the fiends, that 'vengeful on me look."

A beauteous

A beauteous seraph clad in spotless white,
Stood by the wretch, and thus in anger cry'd ;
" Miscreant, restore the helpless orphan's right,
" And by the sentence of thy deeds abide."

" Shield me," he said, "sweet Pity, heav'nly fair,
" For such thy form celestial doth proclaim ;
" O ! let me breathe again but vital air,
" And thou blest'd Seraph, shalt record my fame."

Compassion mov'd the heav'n-beloved maid,
Who touch'd the culprit with her ebony wand ;
Attendapt vigils due observance paid,
And bore him back obedient to command.

O ! with what joy he seem'd again to tread, I thought
His native element, contagious earth :
But life restor'd—each recent promise fled,
And Av'rice only sung his wretched worth.

Appall'd,

Appall'd, disgusted at the irksome sight,

My jaded spirits other objects sought;
And turning saw with rapturous delight,

What far excell'd the airy bounds of thought.

Three shining fair ones charm'd my ravish'd eyes,

Each sat surrounded on a starry throne;

By thousand cherubs chaunting to the skies,

The joys that flow from happiness alone.

And whence I cry'd—(by inspiration fir'd)

Ethereal beings—whence those blessings spring?

I paus'd, and sudden found myself attir'd

In angels' garb—endu'd with pow'r to wing

A secret impulse ran thro' ev'ry vein,

On pinions stretch'd to highest heights I soar'd;

Eager the wish'd intelligence to gain,

The names of those who were so much ador'd.

But

But ere I reach'd the summit of desire,

A voice angelic cry'd in awful strains;

" Presumptive mortal, back to earth retire,

" Know here *Religion, Love, and Mercy* reigns."

" From these all happiness eternal flow,

" Go—and unite the lovely three in one;

" Accomplish this, and joy supremely know,

" Which to the union only can belong."

It ceas'd regardless of entreaty's tears,

Nor could my eyes the splendid scene redeem:

When morn awoke me from imagin'd fears,

And prov'd the whole a transitory dream.

SONG.

S O N G.

M Y R T I L L A.

SAY, youths, have you seen her pass by,
Myrtilla a beautiful maid;
Or heard a fair damsel to cry,
In sorrow for Palemon's aid?

While climbing yon mulberry-tree,
To frighten a hawk from a dove;
Myrtilla was lost unto me,
The princess of Beauty and Love.

In

In pity she bade me repair,
 And save a poor pigeon from death;
 But ere I had mounted the air,
 Myrtilla was panting for breath.

A wolf had broke bounds from a cave,
 Affrighted, my fair one! she flew;
 But the savage to beauty a slave,
 The virgin forbore to pursue.

But where can my shepherds be,
 Whom Palemon's er most deplore;
 She comes—and ye swains I am free,
 She comes—and my languish is o'er.

While climbing yon mulberry-tree,

To frighten a hawk from a dove;

Myrtilla was lost unto me,

The prince of Beauty and Love.

SONG.

S O N G.

The FAIR INCONSTANT.

GO chaunt, ye sweet warblers, along,
Thro' the valley, the wood, and the grove ;
While zephyrs re-echo your song,
Be the strains of your melody, love.

How sweet is the passion when true,
Proclaim as you wing thro' the air ;
The charge is entrusted to you,
But say not Miranda is fair.

For oft you have heard her complain,
 How Edwin she lov'd—but 'twas art;
 She smiles at my grief, and my pain,
 And bids me her presence depart.

Adieu thou false fair, I'll obey,
 To some distant region I'll fly;
 When Edwin's perhaps far away,
 Your pity will grant him a sigh.

WRITTEN

W R I T T E N

TO BE SUNG

AT THE ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

KNIGHTS of SAINT PATRICK.

YE sons of SAINT PATRICK, in gratitude met,
To pay the sweet boon, Generosity's debt;
To soften Misfortune's unlimited woes,
'Tis your's whence the current of affluence flows.

Your right noble order, held sacred and just,
Ierne's consign'd to George as a trust;
He tends o'er your rights, with a father's concern,
And the foes of Hibernia ever will spurn.

The genius of Ireland, the star did invest,
 To grace the seraphic benevolent breast ;
 Endow'd it with power to conquer each foe,
 And lay the usurpers of liberty low.

But who such an order, as your's, can controul,
 Where sympathy springs from the heroic soul ?
 St. Patrick in heaven, the deed must approve,
 When humanity dictates compassion and love.

F A I R E M M A

FOR TWO VOICES.

AH check yon fierce courser, o'er mountains he
speeds,

And rescue fair Emma, fair Emma that bleeds;

See wildly she beckons, fly, youths, to her aid,

Protect my fair Emma, oh! save the sweet maid.

He's thrown her!—he's thrown her!—Ah, see where
she lies,

And dim are the lustre of Emma's bright eyes;

Sweet blossom, tho' gathered in life's early bloom,

The tear of soft pity shall water thy tomb.

(206)

THE
TRIUMPH OF COOK.

SET TO MUSIC

By Mr. S T O R A C E;

AND SUNG

By Mr. K E L L Y.

AT THE

ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

MINERVA in heaven disconsolate mourn'd
The loss of her Cook, who Britain adorn'd;
She shun'd the celestials, and solitude sought,
There wept as she glanc'd o'er the actions he'd wrought.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd at his deeds, she sat pensive, amaz'd,
 When sudden her eyes to a volume were rais'd ;
 'Twas Fate's mighty mirror, the goddess descry'd,
 Where glory he'd gain'd, on the pages were dy'd,

Sensibility smil'd, as the records she press'd,
 And sigh'd as in pity these words were express'd ;
 " Oh, Cook, who shall now the world dare explore?
 " Who'll venture, my hero, now thou art no more ?

" No more, ah, Ouhyhee ! thy Cook will appear,
 " The friend of mankind who you struck with the
 spear !

" He came to your succour, proud savages know,
 " He came as a friend—whom you slew as a foe."

She ceas'd, when a voice shook the heav'ns around,
 " Minerva, forbear ! see the gods have him crown'd.
 " Be joyful," cry'd Jove, " for the trophies he's won,
 " Have prov'd him my daughter's legitimate son."

The portals of heaven were op'd to her view,
She saw him enthron'd in a vesture of blue:
" Yes, Britain !" she cry'd, in a transport of love,
" Cook's honour'd on earth, and held sacred above !"

C H A R A C T E R.

IF thro' creation's wide expanse we trace,
 To find a subject worth the muse's praise,
 What hosts will claim a tributary place,
 In ev'ry song of her unsullied lays!

Arice, whose heart excels the hardest stone,
 Whom *Pity* shuns, and *Charity* ne'er knew; mid
 Claims ev'ry strain from Virtue as his own,
 E'en tho' the bosoms of the twins he slew.

Folly next hobbles in despite of age,
 And dares invade the touchstone throne of Truth;
 There fancies still his foibles can engage,
 Alike the fool decrepid as in youth.

The

The titl'd *courtier* next a suppliant sues,
 Mask'd in the specious garb of patriot zeal ;
 Whose eyes thro' mercenary optics views
 A nation's woes—and *feigns* her wrongs to feel.

Dark-veil'd *Hypocrisy*, *Religion's* bane,
 And warlike heroes, *who* from *Fancy* flew ;
 Bravad'ing, urg'd their cover'd plea in vain ;
 The free-born muse detests the fawning crew.

But he who lives, tho' in domestic life,
 Friend of the world, and does on mis'ry tend ;
 With him the muse ne'er wages cause of strife,
 But hails him her's—and Nature's gen'ral friend.

And does not such a character exist,
 In these, not quite degenerated times ?
 Yes, Britain, add it to thy history's list,
 Record it proudly unto distant climes :

Lettfom,

Lettfom, tho' bless'd with Fortune's choicest store,

With all that fame or riches can bestow,

Forbears to close his hospitable door,

Against distress, or hapless pris'ner's woe.

His open'd heart expands to Nature's call,

With him the mourner finds a sure relief;

His pitying breast extends his purse to all,

And ne'er so happy as to soothe their grief.

Compassion taught him *slavery* * to scorn,

The law of nature pleaded man was free;

No matter where a human being's born,

The Indian's birth-right were as free as he.

* Dr. Lettfom, on coming of age, found himself possessed of many of those unhappy beings, falsely denominated Slaves; but a mind so exalted as this well-known character, revolted at the inhuman idea, and immediately gave them what is so highly prized by a Briton, their liberty! The gratitude of the poor negroes, on the occasion, may better be conceived than express'd; they were for a second time nearer rivetted to bondage, than at first; but to the noblest master—*Generosity*.

Such is the man—Britannia, doth thy isle
 In all the pride of honest wealth adorn,
 Whose virtuous actions know no thought of guile,
 Whose innate worth can smile at Envy's scorn.

To him the muse can dedicate her strains,
 Nor blush to own him worthy her regard,
 His noble deeds her memory retains,
 And chance may sing them by her sweetest bard.

THE
TRIUMPH
OF

NEPTUNE.

SUNG AT THE
LONDON TAVERN,

AT THE
ANNIVERSARY MEETING
OF THE
MARINE SOCIETY.

WHEN Neptune in sorrow, gave up to despair,
On losing his Venus, who 'scap'd from his care;
The Nereides in pity assembl'd around,
And water'd with tears the sea-moisten'd ground.

The

The god much afflicted to see them distress'd;

In tenderness thus his Nereides address'd—

"Fly quick unto earth, if you'd lessen my grief,

"And bring from my Britons a speedy relief."

The nymphs, in obedience immediately flew,

And soon recogniz'd their preservers in you.

Ten thousand young tars they with rapture decry'd,

Who seas and each danger, like Briton's defy'd.

The courageous youths were preserv'd by your will,

To fight for Britannia, and shield her from ill;

To look on *Adversity's* terrors with scorn,

And bid new-born Hope take place of forlorn.

To Neptune the nymphs related the tale,

Who smil'd that Humanity yet did prevail;

"But why should I wonder," the monarch replied,

"When Mercy and Worth are to Britons allied!"

Dull Lethargy's fetters he broke with disdain,
 And scorn'd, like a god, to repine or complain;
 Then filling a bumper from Liberty's stream,
 Gave the "Guardians of Albion's *British Marine*."

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THE
C A U S E
OF
HUMANITY.

SUNG

AT THE LONDON TAVERN,

APRIL 4th, 1788.

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

HUMANE SOCIETY.

BENEVOLENT Charity ! angel-born maid !

Whom gods with the cestus of pity array'd ;

Behold

Behold the assemblage met on this day,
To celebrate Mercy's victorious sway:

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus our festival join,
For the cause of Humanity's surely divine.

What merited honour attends on the man
Who first introduced the glorious plan!—
To echo the virtues what numbers have cause,
Of ever-respected benevolent Hawes*?

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus, &c.

Behold how your skill has the power to save,
And snatch from Eternity, Death, and the Grave;

* Founder of the Humane Society.

P

These

These mortals restor'd, and made happy indeed ;
Since they by your care, from Destruction are freed !

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus, &c.

The once wretched suicide, Charity, see
Reclaim'd, and now offering blessings to thee :
View Gratitude's tear that illumines his eyes,
As his pray'rs are impeded by penitent sighs.

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus, &c.

And view the brave tar, who ne'er knew a fear,
Humanity's shrine bedews with a tear ;
Tho' fell from his hold, and panting for breathe,
Humanity rescu'd the Briton from death.

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus, &c.

The

The blessings of thousands eternally wait
 On those who preserv'd them from merciless Fate;
 E'en children with parents in gratitude vies,
 And orisons daily extend to the skies.

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus, &c.

Like the ocean, then Britons, that bears no controul,
 Your efforts extend to the farthestmost pole;
 O'er seas and the earth Humanity spread,
 And ill-fated victims snatch from the dead.

C H O R U S.

Then Britons in chorus our festival join,
 For the cause of Humanity's surely divine.

TO
MRS. WELLS,
ON HER
IMITATION OF
MRS. SIDDONS,
IN THE
EPILOGUE TO THE TON,
WRITTEN BY
LADY WALLACE;
AND LATELY PERFORMED AT
COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

"THIS Ring, this little Ring," as spoke by Wells,
Brings Siddons' *voice* and *manner* so to view,
That e'en the copieft many a bosom fwells,
With *grief* as potent, and as *real* too.

Exquisite

Exquisite charmer! sorceress of delight!

Unrivall'd Wells assert thy magic force;

Go on, and please the wond'ring throngs each night,

And draw down plaudits from their secret source!

Surprise the town with Imitations new,

Such as they never heard, or saw before;

And e'en thy *foes*, if such there be, subdue,

And make them own thy *merit* evermore!

S O N N E T,

ADDRESSED TO

MRS. C R O U C H,

ON HER

PERFORMANCE OF

Miss A L T O N,

IN THE

H E I R E S S.

"T O soften woe and soothe the savage breast,"
Come! lovely Crouch, with each bewitching charm;
Lull by sweet Harmony, Despair to rest,
And ev'ry wild tumultuous passion calm.

'Come!

Come ! thou enchantress of inspiring song,
 And sweetly chaunt thy fascinating lays ;
 With Sappho's art thy dulcet strains prolong ;
 And rob Apollo of his envied bays.

Could but the Artift * paint thy beauteous form,
 With half the graces Alton does possess ;
 The canvas would each frozen bosom warm,
 And e'en Detraction urge to love thee less.

Envy would then forbid her snakes to breathe,
 And round fair Crouch ne'er fading laurels wreath.

* A portrait of Mrs. Crouch, painted by Romney, and engraved by Bartolozzi, is said to be in great forwardness.

S O N N E T.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE C. J. FOX.

THO' Greece boasts Socrates, and Cæsar, Rome ;
Carthage, her Hannibal's immortal name ;
The realms of Albion does a star illumine
Great as the greatest, and not less in fame.

Athens' Demosthenes, ne'er glow'd with zeal
More patriotic in a nation's cause,
Or Philip reign in Macedonian weal,
More lov'd or honour'd, by a world's applause.

Then

Then him the theme of Calliope's verse,

Oppression's terror, and the public's choice;

Whose worth historians shall with pride rehearse,

And hail the patriot with a gen'ral voice!

And proud appear the page that vaunts his name,

Enrich'd by bearing records of his fame!

ODE

O D E

T O

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq*.

PASQUIN, can nought thy daring pen impede,
Or stem the venom of thy critic gall ?
Shall thy Pegasus cause whole legions bleed,
And thou sit smiling as their numbers fall ?
By Heav'n, I'll probe thee to the heartfelt core,
If Thespis hurls again his satire round,
E'en thy existence, by the gods I've sworn ;
To bring by strength, Samsonian, to the ground.

* Author of the Children of Thespis, a Poem.

Nor shall old Styx with potent magic fraught,
 Or hell itself my Herod fury check;
 I'll leap their bounds, expand the wings of thought,
 And twist the Stygian chains about thy neck.

For know, that giants must with giants vie,
 And such art thou, magnanimous and proud;
 Disdaining all that gives thy works the lie,
 And spurning those who've threaten'd vengeance
 vow'd.

But shall thy haughty and indignant quill
 Hurl barbed shafts at Reputation's death;
 No! I'll annihilate thy savage will,
 Abridge the source of thy infectious breath.

The fires of Etna shall awhile be mine,
 To set thy satires in a gen'ral blaze;
 And from thy ashes rebuild Folly's shrine,
 That ideots may upon the structure gaze.

Imperious

Imperious tyrant! doth my threats affright
Thy yet ungovern'd and undaunted soul?
Or rather fill thee with renew'd delight,
Such as when Paris lovely Helen stole!

Yes! for eternal warfare is thy sport,
With those who will not own thy iron sway;
When monarchs fear, and queens thy graces court,
And all thy Thespian tribe thy nod obey.

But let the novice in theatric art,
Ne'er spurn the letter'd offspring of thy brain;
Let him forbear to feel the scourge's smart,
Tho' I thy pow'r, bold Anthony, disdain.

LOUISA,

L O U I S A,

OR, THE

V I C T I M.

PARODY ON THE RACER.

SEE the Park throng'd with beauties, the tumult's
begun,

And right honour'd knaves boast of conquests they've
won;

But view yon pale damsel, and mark her sad air,

'Tis the beauteous Louisa, once virtuous as fair;

Nor spurn her, ye virgins, who shone like the sun,

Ere the beauteous Louisa by man was undone.

A titled

A titled despoiler this peerless maid found,
 And with specious pretences her innocence drown'd ;
 But having grown weary, and cloy'd of her charms,
 The titled seducer expell'd her his arms ;
 E'en the conquest, hard won, insults with his breath,
 Tho' the beauteous Louifa is pining to death.

Tho' numbers yet offer rich proofs of their love,
 The penitent victim against them has strove ;
 Betray'd and abused by him she ador'd,
 She now only wishes her honour restor'd :

But, alas ! hapless fair one, thy wishes are vain,
 And the heart-broke Louifa is left to complain !
 But chance, when the spoiler shall hear, she's no more,
 The fate of Louifa e'en he may deplore ;
 E'en the breast that could spurn her, may then heave

a sigh ;

And with the fair blossom still on it could lie ;
 But, ah ! then how fruitless his love proffer'd terms
 When the beauteous Louifa's a prey to the worms !

S O N-

S O N N E T

TO

MR. POOLE,

Y O U N G A R T I S T.

INGENIOUS youth! whom Fame has yet forbore
To note among the fav'rites of her praise,
Left Adulation should its flatt'ry pour
Upon the structure that thy skill must raise.

Bright as the tints that oft the canvas stains,
And variegated as their beauteous hues,
Is thy warm fancy;—fruitful as the plains
Of fragrant Eden, that rich sweets diffuse.

Ere

Ere Time enrolls thee in the vale of years,
 Thy modest merit shall resplendent shine;
 And timid Diffidence o'ercome its fears,
 And spread its value like the tendril vine.
 Each candid Artist shall thy works admire,
 And emulative to such deeds aspire !

ORLANDO.

O R L A N D O.

RAGE on, ye winds, with direst might,

Descend ye lightnings from above;

Enfold me round ye shades of night,

And shield me from the shafts of Love.

No more can gentle Peace resume

Its wonted throne within my breast;

Or Hope the darksome void illume,

Sad bosom barr'd for e'er of rest.

Unkind Miranda! merciless fair!

Say, why you caus'd me thus distress'd?

Too lovely nymph! why solemn swear,

You liv'd to make Orlando blest?

Q

Say,

Say, why that cruel fond concern

Of poor Orlando, once you took ?

Why cherisht'd Hope you meant to spurn ?

Which love like mine but ill can brook ?

Encircled in thy snowy arms,

How swift the pleasing hours flew !

Each trembling pulse beat love's alarms,

For nought but love Orlando knew,

How often on his neck you hung,

And sweetly deign'd his lips to kiss ;

Until soft numbers from thy tongue,

Abforb'd my love-sick soul in blifs !

But, ah ! how chang'd Orlando's doom !

One little month—nay, scarce so much,

Proclaims her married !—ah ! to whom ?

Distracting thought !—Miranda blush !

Lie still my heart, thy plaints forbear,

She is not worthy e'en a sigh :

Some other maid perhaps as fair,

May false Miranda's place supply :

One who can banish every pain,

And to thy bosom peace restore :

Then cease, sad mourner, to complain,

And shed a hapless tear no more.

The following Ode is founded on a recent Event that actually took Place a few Miles from Town; and the Gentleman here given under the Title of ALPHONSO, is at present residing near the Metropolis. The charming Poetry which late appeared in the WORLD, signed DELLA CRUSCA, gave rise to ALPHONSO's relating his Story to the Author of this Ode, who with the Consent of the Gentleman in Question, has addressed the same to DELLA CRUSCA.

O D E
T O
D E L L A C R U S C A.

O CRUSCA, whosoe'er thou art,
Who sings in strains so plaintive sweet;
That e'en the sad despondent heart,
Feels provocation 'gain to beat!

Hear

Hear, gentle Bard, another's strains,
Who no fantastic passion feigns;
But who all melancholy sighs
With grief too great to vent in cries.

And Sorrow scorning aid from tears,

O Della! if thou e'er did'st love,

As numbers such as thine proclaim;

Is not the passion far above,

Say, ev'ry other tender flame;

And such as Crusca's breast reveres!

But why this question put to me?

Perhaps you'll say and spurn my zeal;

No! Della, no! it ne'er can be!

Thy heart does too susceptible feel.

Then, Minstrel, hear my cause of grief,

And heard, give pity to my woe;

And, oh! I'll rest a firm relief,

A sympathizing tear will flow!

" Where Avon rolls its silver tide,
" In gentle murm'ring along;
" Liv'd Anna, first in Nature's pride,
" Liv'd Anna, first in village song.

" An orphan stranger known to few,
" For she, alas! no wealth could boast;
" Five acres only round her grew,
" Yet Anna reign'd the village toast.

" An ancient aunt preserv'd from ill,
" This peerless maid of matchless charms,
" Whose precepts did her mind infill,
" To guard 'gainst Vice's rude alarms.

" But when the aged matron dy'd,
" 'Twas then the damsel's fears began;
" 'Twas then on Heav'n the virgin cry'd,
" To guard her 'gainst the snares of man.

" And

- " And much had Anna cause to fear,
" The guilty passion many sung ;
" Who ne'er for Virtue shed a tear,
" But ever on its ruin hung.
- " Long had I mark'd this lily fair,
" To be a partner to my heart ;
" And long her image treasur'd there,
" Where love lay undisguis'd from art.
- " Enough had I of wealthy pow'r,
" To calm the cares of worldly strife ;
" And only wish'd the happy hour,
" To make this humble maid my wife.
- " In short, the Virgin crown'd my love,
" Whom Hymen to the altar led ;
" Tho' many 'gainst the union strove,
" My Anna blest the marriage bed.

" O marriage ! sweet connubial state,
" How long must I thy comforts mourn ?
" How long complain in vain to Fate,
" That Anna's from my bosom torn ?

" Nine months like minutes glided by,
" In ever-teeming new delight ;
" Nine months escap'd without a sigh,
" While Anna bless'd Alphonso's fight.

" Now, Della Crusca, comes a tale,
" That harrows yet my bleeding soul ;
" But what can now my tears avail,
" Which Reason checks but can't controul ?

" A pledge of love my Anna bore,
" And gave the young Alphonso breath ;
" But, oh ! that pledge still grieves me sore,
" It gave my charming girl to Death !

" The

" The lovely infant still does live,
 " Sweet offspring of a fatal birth;
 " But can I Crusca, death forgive,
 " Whose robb'd me of such precious worth?"

And yet, my smiling cherub! yes,
 For her who gave thee life, I will;
 And as thy ruby lips I kiss,
 Think still I press thy mother's still:

Then farewell, Crusca, if thy heart
 Like mine partakes of keenest woe!
 May future peace erase its smart;
 Peace lost Alphonso ne'er can know.

And heav'n-crown'd Tickle*, grief destroy,
 Whose loss thy Muse so sweet bewail'd;
 And turn each bitter pang to joy,
 Tho' ev'ry earthly med'cine fail'd,

* See a beautiful ode written by Della Crusca, inserted in the
 WORLD, the latter end of February, 1788.

*The following Fragment, in Imitation of OSSIAN'S
Poems, can only claim Attention on Account of the
Similitude it bears to Simplicity.*

A R G U M E N T.

OSRAD, son of one of the chiefs of a clan in Scotland, loves, and is beloved by BERTHA, daughter of a neighbouring chief, whose personal charms and amiable virtues gain her many admirers. BERAD, a valiant Scot, offers his hand to BERTHA; the refusal of which revives an enmity between the houses of BERAD and CULAR, that had long lain dormant ere the battle commences. BERAD, by means of emissaries, contrives to poison the mind of CULAR against OSRAD's marriage with BERTHA, which is the cause of his absence, and her despondency.

“ O winds,

" O winds, cried BERTHA, as she sat upon the rock of Haram, how long must the daughter of Mosco cry to you in vain!—Many have been the days, and numberless the hours since OSRAD, the son of venerable CULAR, left the valley of EDA.

" BERAD, chief of the clan of EMRED, no longer lifts the spear against the silver-hair'd CULAR; the god of war waves the plume of victory upon the helmets of the CULITES, and the haughty BERAD is laid low. But OSRAD, the intrepid OSRAD, was not at the battle to bear away the palm of triumph; the shield of the house of CULAR was afar off, when the foes of EDA were at hand.

" But why these lamentations? Why these tears?—The dauntless, the gallant OSRAD hears not the plaints of BERTHA; nor knows that the battles raged on the plains of Linda.

" BERAD,

"BERAD, the impetuous son of the black-haired JARED, as the white surge agitated by troubled waters, or the crested charger that champs the mettled bit, and froths defiance to controul, rushed upon the clans of CULAR, ere the beams of the sun had dispelled the mists on the mountains. The race of EDA, fled from the superior numbers of the foe; while the imperious BERAD, disdaining to hear the cries of the few, but valiant CULITES, dealt destruction upon the enemies of BARAM. The hoary CULAR saw the friends of his bosom destroyed by the swords of the foe, like the tall grass that falls by the reaper's scythe.

"The heart of the warrior bled for the fate of his friends; and while Pity took part in his grief, Revenge lighted the torch of his anger, and forgetting the feeble imbecillity of age, with renovated courage rallied his flying corps, who fierce by desperation, turned upon the enemies of CULAR, and with a maddening avidity hurled the instruments of death around.

The

" The bold and aspiring BERAD, courted and rejoices at the combat ; but the followers of his fortunes were suddenly dismayed. The deeds of despair were mistook for inspiration ; and the soldiers of BERAD fled from the foe in confusion.

" The proud, but gallant BERAD scorned to retreat ignobly, and like a second Hector, withstood the fate of the day alone, till o'erpowered by numbers, and fainting by his wounds, the valiant hero fell more glorious in death, than had ill-got victory sat upon his brow.

" The spirit of revenge no longer guided the white-haired CULAR ; the sword of war was sheathed in the scabbard, and the trumpets of defiance were heard no more.

" Come then, my OSRAD, to the arms of BERTHA ; for thy magnanimous rival, the brave BERAD, is laid

in

in the dust. The banners of war are furled on the walls of CULAR, and the dove of peace tunes her matin song in the valley of EDA."

Thus sung the daughter of MOSCA, fairest among many virgins, and betrothed wife of OSRAD, the son of CULAR.

O CULAR! where was thy wonted penetration that discerned not the worth of BERTHA, when OSRAD brought her to EDA! The friends of thy bosom sung of thy charms; and the heir of thy house proved her chaste as Minerva.

But thy ear was opened to the tongue of Scandal; and the voice of Reason was not heard. When OSRAD, pride of thy age, and joy of thy heart, presented at thy feet the accomplished BERTHA, thou spurned the virgin like an obnoxious weed away! the tear of pity that glistened in her eye; and the throbbing

bing pulse that beat at her heart, could not soften the harsh terms exclaimed against her.

Even he, lion-hearted in danger, and first in the battle, bravest among the bravest, and glory of EDA, the gallant OSRAD bathed thy hands with his tears, while his faltering tongue pleaded for his lovely BERTHA.

But the bosom of CULAR rejected the kneeling suppliants with scorn; and the heart-bleeding BERTHA was torn by thy orders from the arms of the beloved of her heart.

O CULAR! chief of the clan of EDA, where is thy beloved gone! hurried by thy wrath in search of the idol of his heart, whom desponding to find OSRAD, the valiant OSRAD, perhaps, is no more!

BERTHA, thy now adopted daughter, child, and partner in thy sorrow is found; and with her
all

all her virtues! but OSRAD, lord of her wishes,
and sovereign of her heart, is lost!

Fixed on the rugged rock by the sea-girt shore,
the hapless maid bewails her absent love; all night she
tells her sorrows to the winds; and while her hand
supports her aching head, her swimming eyes are bent
upon the heavens, as if to chide them for the loss of
OSRAD; and when her sighs permit her use of speech,
her tremulous voice calls upon the much-loved name,
and object of her soul's delight.

At dawn of morn she wildly hurries to obscurity;
and melancholy pines all day, till sable night proves
favourable to grief, and safe conducts the mourner to
her rock, that juts above the billows, where sighs
and BERTHA hold a converse sad.

F I N I S